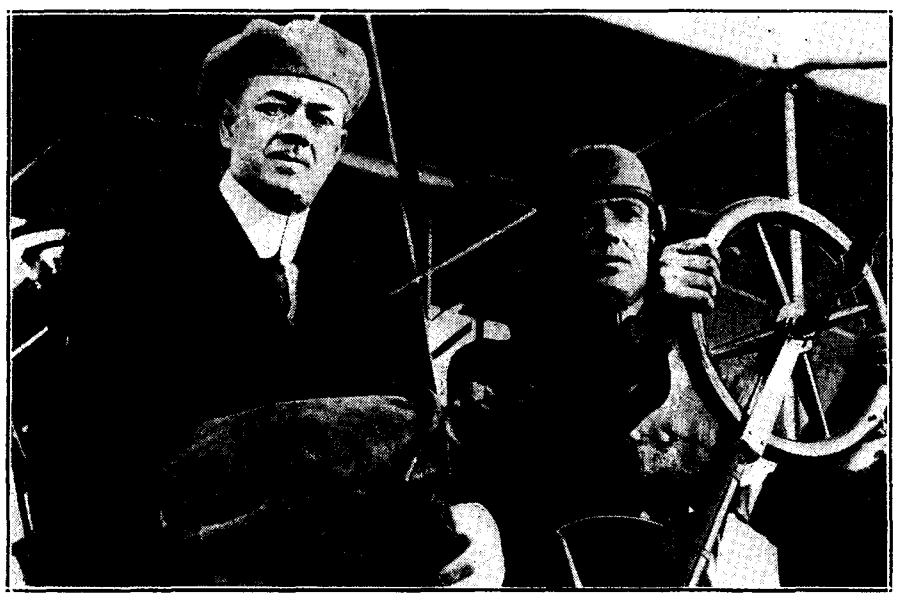
TEN CENTS A COPY

Personal Suggestions for Books to Give for Christmas on Page 310

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1932 | NUMBER 21



From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, reproduced in "Our Times."

AMERICA'S FIRST AIR MAIL.

In the Fall of 1911 Postmaster-General Frank H. Hitchcock and Captain Beck flew in a Curtiss plane with a sack of mail from Nassau Boulevard to Mineola, L. I., a distance of about two miles.

Diagnosis

JOHN STRACHEY, whose book. "The Coming Struggle for Power," will arouse discussion, is not the first writer of communist tendencies to state that our writers are depicting in their books a dying civilization. Capitalism is moribund, and in its expiring phases takes strange shapes about which strange books are written. Proust, meticulously penetrating to the inmost sensations of a decadent bourgeoisie, realizes with faint horror at last that the society he loves trends always downward and is already past reinvigoration. T. S. Eliot, in "The Waste-Land," depicts with careful realism the incoherence of a London already tottering into the decline of capitalism—descriptions of the hopeless poor and the futility of the middle class jumbled in together, for both are products of the same senility. And so with Joyce; and so with Sinclair Lewis; and so even with William Faulkner, to whom is attributed an interest in the economic interpretation of history which doubtless would surprise that pessimistic agrarian.

A fascination, sometimes a fatal fascination, leads every new school of critics to interpret literature as if it were not art. Only yesterday it was the evolutionism of Herbert Spencer that was to explain everything. Now one discovers harshness, futility, decadence in the literary scene—and, whiff!, it is capitalism, for which these scenes were made, that is dying.

Perhaps it is, and perhaps socialism is dying, and industrialism, and agrarianism, and individualism, and even communism—you can prove any proposition out of the appropriate books if you adopt the theory that literature is only a mirror of economics. But how fallacious such a method is can be shown by the briefest study of the past. Read Defoe on the horrible deformities of the society in which Moll Flanders lived. Read the memoirs of the period of George IV, considering the while the breakdown seemingly imminent of morality in the nineteenth century. Consider the biting pessimism of Shakespeare's later plays. Or recall a book which is supposed to have laughed away an epoch, "Don Quixote." What it really laughed away was a literary convention; society had long since remodeled

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The Passing Show

OUR TIMES: The War Begins, 1909-1914. By MARK SULLIVAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

MR. SULLIVAN'S special talent is for panoramic history. A reading of his well-illustrated pages furnishes the simple emotions of surprise and recognition that we obtain from turning the files of *Harper's Weekly* of thirty-five years ago. Semi-forgotten faces, names, fashions, battles, disasters, conventions, flash back vividly to the memory. In the four volumes of "Our Times" there is little historical analysis; much of the data is badly digested, and the whole work constitutes material for history rather than history itself; the proportions are bad, with much omitted and much over-written; the author has little gift for sustained, coherent narrative. But when all is said, the books are delightful. They are delightful because they recall so much of the surface of our recent civilization — that surface which changes so rapidly, whose colors and forms so soon become divertingly quaint, which for all adults is wrapped up with so many personal memories. The present volume (which incidentally has a misleading title, for it comes only to 1913) is as appealing as its predecessors. For one reader who would be interested in a thorough exploration of the problems of American history under Taft, a hundred are interested in recalling the Johnson-Jeffries fight, the *Titanic* disaster, the Waldorf bar, the suffragette agitation, old ways of advertising toothbrushes and underwear, Glenn Curtiss's Hudson River flight, Billy Sunday, and the advent of jazz. Mr. Sullivan does not give us thorough, well-balanced, or philosophical history; he does give us an extremely amusing panorama.

But taking the work for what it is and not for what it never pretends to be, it offers instruction as well as entertainment. Mr. Sullivan has shown that there are advantages as well as handicaps in writing of the recent past. The chief gain lies in his ability to collect from living men much information that would soon have perished utterly; and hardly less important is the fact that he can give history an imme-

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*Arnold Bennett**

By FRANK SWINNERTON

WHILE he lived, Arnold Bennett was so powerful a personality that most men and women who read at all were in some degree influenced by him. They liked him very much, or they disliked him very much; they were repelled by his work, or they found it irresistible. They were not indifferent. I remember one man who wished to despise Bennett saying, as if in despair: "The worst of it is, he's so damned *interesting!*" And among his friends Bennett was better loved than any other English writer of his time. There was no question about this. The affection he inspired, although never uncritical (for mere adoration would have been regarded by its object as idiotic), was unlimited.

One day some years ago, when Bennett had just left a group of these friends, one of them turned to me and said: "I wonder if those who only know Arnold from his writing get any sense of that charm!" I said: "I'm sure they don't!" I am still sure of it. Although readers may have the liveliest admiration for the author of "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Clayhanger," I believe they have hardly any notion at all of what kind of man that author was. They may think they see him more clearly in such a book as "Denry the Audacious" or "Buried Alive," where there is a particular very characteristic turn of humor; but they will still be very far from the man himself. Even the "Journals," excellent as they are, can be properly appreciated only with the aid of personal memory or supplementary record.

But the "Journals," of which two fascinating volumes are now published, are very good. They take us from the time when Bennett, as a young man halfway through his twenties, first thought seriously of becoming an author; and they will presently bring us to within a few weeks of his death. Although some of the comparisons which have been made, as that they resemble the Diary of Pepys or the Memoirs of Casanova, have nothing to do with the truth, the "Journals" present such a picture of a professional writer as had not previously existed in English. In the "Journals" Bennett entered, to some extent with an eye to future publication, but in the main for his own pleasure and instruction, all those minor experiences, observations, and reflections which he thought significant. And we can find in the "Journals" a sort of story of Bennett's life which is not, and which never can be, otherwise available.

This gives them unique interest. Volume I, from 1896 to 1910, shows him writing hard at sensational serials, very serious novels, collaborations, plays, short stories, and innumerable articles, from "A Man from the North" to "The Old Wives' Tale," and from "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day" to those epoch-making notes on the literary scene which are now well known through the volume called "Books and Persons." We see how he planned his work and how methodically he wrote it; how he bought books, stoves, a dog, and Empire furniture; and how in the course of his bachelor life in Paris and by contact with many other artists he learnt insatiably about life and the arts. Everything he saw in those days was being stored in his mind; and in the "Journals" we see, as it were, the headlines or key-words of those new knowledges. And towards the end of the book, when he shows how he wrote "The Old Wives' Tale" at great speed, and found himself at last a successful and applauded novelist in the grand manner, we reach the romantic climax of his ascent to fame.

On personal grounds, therefore, and as the drawing of an artist in progress, Volume I is more interesting than its successor. From that point onward Bennett himself is less clearly portrayed. Volume II has another interest altogether. It has the diffused interest of a social panorama, the panorama of that wider and more distracting world into which Bennett's success plunged him. The entries are briefer, less urgently important to lovers and students of the novelist, more superficial, more the records of a busy man of affairs. Whereas in the first ten years or so of his literary life he has been the artist, telling us of his plans and esthetic experiences, and staying at times to analyze himself, so that we have an invaluable history of the man, he now records with less leisure and less relish the pressure of external contacts. He has not the time to keep his journal with the old fulness and variety. He is married, he has a house in England, dogs, a Lanchester car, an electric light plant, all the paraphernalia of success. He is working hard, but in response to the demand for his

* The Journals of Arnold Bennett. Edited by Newman Flower. Vol. I: 1896-1910; Vol. II: 1911-1921. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $4 each.

This Week

REMINISCENCES OF A LANDLORD.
By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH.

"THE ROMAN WAY."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"MONEY CONTRACT."
Reviewed by SIGMUND SPAETH.

"GOD'S GOLD."
Reviewed by EDWIN LEFEVRE.

"BEYOND DESIRE."
Reviewed by T. K. WHIPPLE.

"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"GREENHORN."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"BEFORE THE FACT."
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN.

"THE PASCARELLA FAMILY."
Reviewed by B. W. HUEBSCH.

THE THREE HOURGLASSES.
By DON MARQUIS.

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.
By AMY LOVEMAN.

Next Week, or Later

MACHIAVELLI.
By LLEWELYN POWYS.

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work rather than in response to esthetic impulse or ambition. He has many books and articles to write; his sales are impressive; he is tremendously the professional author, the social success, the calm observer of persons famous and less famous; but he tells us in effect nothing new about himself. Amid so great a turmoil of events, how could he do so? He was no longer learning anything about himself.

What I have just said needs some explanation. Bennett was never "spoiled" by success. But he was exhausted by it. His field for giving was increasingly without bounds. His morning post alone was crowded with claims to attention on the part of all whom he had met or all who had read his last book, his last article. And he came of a family and a class of people in whom a sense of duty is paramount. He was terribly conscientious. Although he had quite as much quickness of mind as the evasionist, he had this all-powerful sense of duty. Nobody who applied to Bennett for help or interest ever failed to receive scrupulous attention. He was born a Methodist, and he *died* a Methodist (although he did not know this). He at all times did what he considered to be right, as distinguished from what he might have found pleasant. That made him very reliable as a friend; but it did not make for an easy life or for continuing increase in esthetic power.

The sense of duty dominated him, even in his artistic work. It caused his earliest serious novels to be very painstaking, what amateurs call "drab." One may see that when he was less inspired by his theme he was always exceedingly conscientious. In "These Twain," in the later passages of "Lord Raingo," which are almost on a par with his best work because they are so extraordinarily sincere, in parts of "Riceyman Steps," there is a strict earnestness of truth that should make less scrupulous craftsmen wince, however it may tire unperceptive readers. If he had not had the outlet of the "fantasias" he might have yielded wholly to relentless detail. The fantasias were necessary to him as escapes from the exhaustingness of rigid truth-telling. He could, and did, tell lies for fun (hence "A Great Man" and its fellows, and hence his never-failing nonsense in private talk); but he would not tell lies in earnest or to deceive himself.

Secondly, Bennett was a very self-reliant person. He was in one sense self-sufficient. It very rarely occurred to him to ask for sympathy. On the contrary, he was always strangely in the position of one offering sympathy to others. Sympathy, sage counsel, help, criticism: never —or almost never—any request, any hint, any exposure of sensitiveness of his own. He had self-reliance and pride. He could not ask; he could only give. I remember once, when I was leaving England for my first visit to America, he began to stammer. He rarely stammered when he was with me. I wondered what on earth was coming. At last he managed to say: "I think I ought . . ." He jerked his hand. There was a long pause. He finished quickly: ". . . to hear from you, I say!" That was the nearest thing to a request that he could formulate. On another occasion, when I *had* written to him from the Continent, he replied: "I thank thee. I had said to myself, 'If that chap doesn't write, I shan't write to him, either.'" That was typical. He would have written. In the "Journals" he tells how he resolved that he would not again introduce with Pauline Smith the subject of her embryonic novel, and how he nevertheless introduced the subject. "Sheer magnanimity and obstinacy mingled" is his own comment. He should have written "Sheer determination to help in spite of every shy obstacle." You could rarely do anything for him. He could and did do a great deal for you, constantly, as a matter of course.

Now when Bennett was famous, all sorts of people who had no difficulty in asking favors appealed to him for help. With his conscientiousness and his paternal sense of responsibility for all weaker vessels, he began to give his time, his attention, his energy to the assistance of others in a degree that was almost fantastic. It involved him in constant correspondence; the list of his private charities was unending; his days were full of meetings, consultations, plannings, and the inevitable social engagements which a wide acquaintance forced upon him. He was always occupied, largely with the concerns of other people. He liked to be so occupied. It was his greatest happiness. But it exhausted him. When he met somebody like myself, who had a similar self-reliance without Bennett's generosity,

A CARICATURE OF ARNOLD BENNETT BY LOW. From "Lions and Lambs" (Harcourt, Brace).

and who wanted nothing from him, he relaxed with thankfulness. He remarked: "I am fatigued!" He *was* fatigued. Satisfyingly fatigued.

Something of all this can be gathered from these "Journals," even from those dealing with the years before 1920. He sees his own pride—which he finds to be a family "arrogance"—and he knows his own self-sufficiency. He discovers when marriage is much in his thoughts that he wants to be both bound and free at one and the same time. His impulse is to cherish; but he cannot bring himself to ask for a caress, except for the reason that his request will give pleasure. He is an egoist, but an egoist whose one satisfaction lies in giving to others. The "Journals" reveal Bennett's reserve, detachment, observant compassion; but they reveal no wish, or hardly any wish, to participate spontaneously in the effervescence of life. Participants are "children." Bennett was grown up at an early age.

He also became, at an early age, a worker. He says in one entry in the "Journal" that the habit of work is growing upon him, that he could imagine himself becoming a work-addict. Such was in truth his fate. He loved work. He used at one time to rise at 5:30 in the morning to work, and as his sleeplessness gained upon him he was, for all but four or five hours a day, active in mind if not in body. In one year he wrote over 400,000 words. That is really appalling production for a first class writer. It is professionalism unrestrained. Once he and I went for a month's holiday in Portugal together. He was under oath to do no work at all. He did no work on the voyage; but we had been at Mont Estoril only three days when he said: "I'm better. I wrote three hundred words this morning." I said: "Here, I thought you were not to do any work at all." He said: "I know. But you see I . . . had to."

How, then, did it happen that so dutiful a man, and one so kind, so good, so hard-working, so strict regarding his own conduct, and sometimes so strict regarding the conduct of others, was so much loved by his intimates? You would suppose him to have been unbearable. I am not sure that even the "Journals" will provide the answer to this doubt. I think the "Journals" present one with a picture of Bennett's activity and his sincerity, his wide range of interest, his sympathy and sensitiveness; but not of that nonsensical fun that, for his friends, sweetened every criticism he ever uttered or wrote, not of the simple affection and goodwill that led every child to trust him at a glance, not of the stiff, swinging carriage, memory of which still causes his friends—they do not know why—to laugh, as they would laugh at a dignified little boy. Bennett's pride has prevented him from writing "intimate" autobiography. He tells few secrets. He was observant of himself, and knew much of the human machine that was Arnold Bennett; but the charm of his own air, the funny, awkward gestures, the surprising wink, the bland readiness to tease, the equally bland readiness to be teased, the integrity coupled with simplicity and nonsensical wit,—these must be searched for behind the printed page by all who knew or would know them.

Nevertheless, the "Journals" are absorbingly interesting. As "*damned* interesting" as the highbrow of my acquaintance found Bennett's minor writings. They abound in anecdote; they are full of critical perceptions which are as valid today as they were when they were set down. The portraits of types, the sketches of places and scenes, the remarks about celebrated men and women, are all first hand and fine. The account which Bennett half-consciously gives of his own development is of interest to every writer and every comprehending reader. The romantic story told of the rise to fame of a dominating novelist is, in Volume I, of tremendous interest; the ease with which that novelist made his way in the large social and political world of his time is shown with brevity and point in Volume II.

For its descriptions of London—of England—in wartime, with vignettes of political leaders and soldiers and the oddities of a confused and tragic piece of history, Volume II has great attractiveness. There is hardly a celebrated Englishman of that day as to whom Bennett does not say something significant. The volume is disappointing only to those whose interest is more considerably in Bennett himself. Already we are given material to judge of that dissipation of energy which was to culminate in his too early death. But indeed the very look of the entries in Volume II is warming enough. They are often in single compressed sentences, like English telegrams. If it were upon the same scale as the first volume this second one would run to at least a thousand pages. Unfortunately it does not so run: I wish it did. I could continue reading it for another thousand pages without tiring; and am ready now for the third volume which is to come next Spring. Americans, by the way, are more fortunate than the English; for the American edition contains much material of which the British public is still ignorant.

Diagnosis

(*Continued from preceding page*)

itself, even in Spain. For really terrible studies of societies apparently about to explode, one must go to books earlier than ours and find them often enough in cultures which were to have many honorable generations without revolutionary change.

It is a generally accepted conclusion that the capitalist-industrialist society in which we have lived is bound for rapid modifications, yet that conclusion cannot be drawn from the pessimism and decadence in the literary sense but only from the sharp change in underlying economic fact. The novels, plays, poems indicate change, decay, replacement—they indicate youth viewing age, age looking back at youth, but they no more prove in themselves that a given economic order is responsible for what ills we have and what declines we see, than they demonstrate the facts of science or the truth or falsity of philosophy. For creative artists are never interested in theory so much as in emotion, or in social significance so much as in social truth. Their eye is on the present, and if they prove to be prophets it is only because they have depicted the way as well as the man who traverses it.

Social historians find about what they look for, especially in the present. Just at the moment many of the most excitable among them believe that technology, equalitarianism, and the struggle for markets are bringing quick doom upon capitalism; they believe that only communism can follow; and in the light of this contemplated communism the characters and scenes of present-day literature seem to them prophetically disintegrating toward nullity. But if historians equally perceptive should come to believe that a modified capitalism was to have a rebirth of energy and cure the economic ills of the day, they would interpret this literature of ours very differently. They would bring into the spotlight the humor of Mr. Bloom, the finesse of Swann, the courage and scholarship of Mr. Eliot, the self-dedication of Arrowsmith, the impartial enthusiasm of Mr. Faulkner for character in a bad society, which after all is not half so bad as the one which Chaucer (hearty, vigorous Chaucer!) painted. They would find change indicated—but if they drew the further conclusion that these books depicted the enduring value of capitalism, they would be just as wrong as the others.

Reminiscences of a Landlord

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

"ALL day my wife, the maid, the men
And I ran to and fro.
What had been done we did again
We served both high and low.

"At last we lay in weary bed
Then boomed a staff on door:
'O Landlord! here's a desperate head!'
The inn could hold no more.

"He took her to the stable near,
I woke before the day
For with her cry our cock crowed clear,
I heard our donkey bray.

"There seemed to come a sound of song,
I could not get to sleep,
And then the shepherds came along
And brought their bleating sheep.

"That meant more runnings to and fro,
More things to eat and drink.
The work was hard, the pay was low,
We had no time to think.

"With beasts rejoicing, peering swains,
Guests calling, new-born boys,
It was enough to turn our brains
Run-running through the noise.

"Then came the kings, with camels too,
And horses white as milk,
And all their gorgeous retinue
And in brocades and silk.

"The star that troubled us at night
Had led them all the way.
We worked like mad. But it was right.
At least the kings would pay.

"All's past. We've time to take our ease
And try to figure out
Why our old ox fell to his knees
And what it was about.

"Some say the baby shone at night,
Some say that so did she.
My wife believes there was a light
But did not go to see.

"I'm glad we're out of the whole thing
Although we earned a lot,—
Not counting the good emerald ring
King Melchior forgot."

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From a drawing by Charles Dana Gibson, in *Life*, reproduced from "Our Times."
MODESTY IN 1893.
"Her first appearance in this costume. She thinks, on the whole, she feels more at home in a ball dress."

The Passing Show

(*Continued from page* 301)

diate and not a remote application to our own affairs. This volume contains thirty chapters, besides loose addenda. Eleven are devoted to social and economic history, and nineteen to the politics of Taft's day. In both sections there appears a frequent lack of perspective. For example, there is a chapter on Henry Ford, but no account of that general rise of the automobile industry in which Ford was but one figure. There is a too-flattering chapter on Carnegie as the type of his time, but nothing about the steel industry as a basis for our whole economic development, nor about the philanthropic movement that goes back to Peter Cooper, George Peabody, and earlier figures. The Taft Administration is envisaged entirely in terms of the struggle between Roosevelt and Taft, and there is no sustained examination of important matters unrelated to that struggle — railroad legislation, the arbitration treaties, the currency commission, and all the rest. But granting this lack of perspective, a number of the chapters are important, are in part new, and contain facts and ideas that if not collected now would probably be lost.

The political pages are the best, for as one of our most experienced political commentators Mr. Sullivan can include much personal reminiscence. Perhaps the most interesting single feature of his book is his explanation of the precipitating factor in the Taft-Roosevelt break. He finds it not in Taft's rejection of several of Roosevelt's best friends for the Cabinet and diplomatic service, not in Mrs. Taft's and Mrs. Longworth's little felicities, not in the Pinchot-Ballinger row, not in any of the stock explanations—but in Taft's prosecution of the United States Steel Corporation for its purchase, under Roosevelt's encouragement, of the Tennessee Iron and Coal Company. Dispassionately, expertly, and tolerantly, Mr. Sullivan describes the general causes which lay to the rear. He writes of Taft, for all his blunders, his judicial waverings, his lethargic complacency, with a warm human liking that somehow does not transfer itself to his pages on T. R. At any rate, he writes with all the enthusiasm we expect of present-day historians of the lofty ideals, the exalted motives, animating the Bull Moose group:

> The burden of the political convictions of most of those who urged Roosevelt to run could be compressed into three words, "We want Teddy." It was by their affection for him, the stimulus they got from him, that most of them were inspired. In the conferences in Roosevelt's study at Oyster Bay, or in his *Outlook* office, there was some high talk about "Progressivism" and the like. What most of the visitors wanted was that Roosevelt should be in the White House again. Some real discussion there was about expediency and time, whether Roosevelt would do better to let Taft have the nomination and take his licking, and postpone his own running until 1916. A material factor was that the people wanted Roosevelt in 1912, and there could be no certainty that they would continue to want him until 1916. On this point, a diary kept by one of the *Outlook* editors, Harold Howland, describes a conference of Roosevelt, Everett Colby, W. Fellowes Morgan, and Mark Sullivan, held January 20, 1912. Sullivan contributed practical wisdom learned in a youth spent on the farm: "The time to set a hen is when the hen wants to set."

Mr. Sullivan's studies of personality will be valuable to writers who come after him, for he knows at first hand most of the political figures of the period. His sketches are as mellow as they are intimate. In those days he wrote for *Collier's* the fieriest denunciations of Joe Cannon printed; yet now he analyzes that inscrutable parliamentarian with admiration for his shrewdness, self-confidence, and imperious leadership. He repeats with appreciation—discreetly translated—one of Cannon's most Rabelaisian quips. Pinchot is characterized in an incisive sentence among some wordy paragraphs. He was "one of those whose eyes, as they pass through the world, instinctively look about for a hero, and for martyrdom in the hero's service." Hughes, Aldrich, La Follette, and Dolliver are all pungently described, with anecdotal material of value, and the author displays as much generosity toward one as the other. The salient omissions here are the Democratic figures. Readers would hardly guess that after the elections of 1910 Champ Clark and Underwood loomed tall on the Washington horizon, and the author performs the singular exploit of writing the history of the campaign of 1912 with just one tail-end mention of a gentleman named Woodrow Wilson. On page 532, seemingly as an afterthought, he sets down the trifling fact that Wilson won the campaign.

If the glow cast here upon social history is less important than the sharp light that shines upon some political transactions, it will probably be more interesting to the general reader. The range is characteristically wide. Mr. Sullivan turns from a discussion of industrial efficiency to the bunny-hug and grizzly-bear; there is a study of the new wealth produced by the gasolene engine, and the new words produced by science, technology, and the ingenuity of Broadway with slang. One of the most striking sections deals with changes in the standards of morals. It might be criticized for its neglect of many of the factors at work—the steady urbanization of American life, the influence of mass-immigration from the Continent, realism in fiction, greater economic ease, reduced importance of family life, and so on. But it is more to the point to say that Mr. Sullivan brings out shrewdly and clearly the work done by the Freudian psychologists, by Shaw and his school, and by the "Rubaiyat" of Omar, in changing old American attitudes toward life. It is in these social chapters, and not in the political pages, that Mr. Sullivan has profited most by writing to contemporary experts for facts they alone possess.

Mr. Sullivan announced at the outset that he intended to bring his story down to 1925; and it is pleasant to anticipate at least two more volumes from his pen. Probably Woodrow Wilson will get a page or two in the next one.

What the Romans Were

THE ROMAN WAY. By EDITH HAMILTON. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

IF you are interested in the Romans at all, you ought to read what Miss Hamilton has to say about them; and if you are not interested in them at all she will prove that you ought to be. For besides our obvious and familiar inheritance from the Romans—plumbing and jurisprudence and professional sport and the sense of duty—she will remind you that we are indebted to them for certain other aspects of our culture, some of which we might have got along as well without.

This is, she observes, "an attempt to show what the Romans were as they appear in their great authors, to set forth the combination of qualities they themselves prove are peculiarly Roman." Sometimes this peculiar Roman character is the commonplace reality and sometimes it is the ideal that no living Roman ever quite attained; but ideals, after all, are a part of national culture at least as important as reality. You may quarrel with some of Miss Hamilton's opinions, but they are grounded on a thorough scholarship and on a sensitive understanding of what national character and national ideals really mean.

The commonplaces of Roman cultural history are here mostly taken for granted; what you get instead are mostly overtones which often serve as correctives. Learned tomes have been written to prove that Plautus only borrowed from the Greeks; but if his plots were borrowed and if the Greek setting is nominally retained to avoid the possible displeasure of the magistrates, Miss Hamilton argues that his detail must have been native Roman because audiences of comedies will not laugh at something that is not recognizably familiar. Rome was being Hellenized in his day, but it hardly seems that the average man who went to the comic theater was sophisticated enough to laugh at museum pieces.

And the standards implied in Plautus are

> strict virtue within the house for every one; outside, all the pleasant vices for the men . . . The double standard which has been the world's standard for all these centuries since is formulated, complete to the last detail, in Roman comedy . . . One of Rome's greatest achievements, which has passed almost unnoticed, was the successful education of her women in the idea that their supreme duty was to be chaste.

This may do for Plautus's day; later, Catullus and still more Ovid are proof that the double standard could not endure the "acids of modernity" two thousand years ago any better than it has in our own time. But even then it survived as an ideal, as Ovid's punishment by Augustus proves; it blazed out spectacularly (as Miss Hamilton points out) in Virgil's treatment of Æneas and Dido; and even if practice did not always square with theory, the resolute refusal of the Western Empire to let a woman rule in her own name, even if the woman were an Agrippina or a Julia Mæsa, showed that Rome still held to the doctrine that woman's place was in the home. Here as in other passages Miss Hamilton is extremely valuable if you take her views as a corrective, valid *pro tanto;* there is something to be said on the other side, but it has usually been said already.

So we see Terence as the inventor of the play of plot in which the young men who were his friends and contemporaries always got the better of it, and the peevish elders were always the victims; from which stems, in direct descent, American magazine fiction of today. Seneca, on the other hand, was the inventor of the sentimental in literature; or at least the man whose sentimentality begot a line that continues to our own time. To say that here "the tendencies of Roman thought and feeling stand out in a form so heightened that they are unmistakable" may be going a little far. Yet the Romans were (with perhaps the exception of Horace, a "Benjamin Franklin turned poet") romantics in their literature; and it needs only a slight degradation to turn the romantic into the sentimentalist.

Virgil provides Miss Hamilton with most of her examples of the peculiarly romantic turn of mind but Livy is perhaps an even better instance.

> Through his passionate love for what he saw in that early Rome of republican simplicity and hardihood and self-sacrificing patriotism, and through his sure grasp of the combination of great qualities that was truly Roman, unlike any before or since, he was able to produce a characterization of a nation which lives as much as any of literature's foremost characters live. Rome to us is Livy's Rome.

True enough, even if Ennius may first have fixed the traditional characterization of most of the figures in Livy's history. It has always been a somewhat suspicious fact that the typical "noble Romans," the great exemplars of the traditional republican virtues, all lived before the existence of a trustworthy contemporary history; the Romans we hear about from men who knew them were, even at their best, not quite the same. If we know the noblest Romans at the third remove, as their characters were successively filtered through the imaginations of two great artists, that explains a good deal. Yet Miss Hamilton would not deny that the great qualities were there; if Ennius and Livy could conceive them, it does not essentially matter whether or not they were really exemplified by Regulus and Decius Mus and all the rest.

Her analysis of Roman romanticism is not, however, always easy to accept. The Greeks (at least those of the leisure class in the classic age) regarded life with a temperate satisfaction, overshadowed only by the ever-present consciousness of senescence and mortality. But the Romans saw a great deal of ugliness, says Miss Hamilton; "reality as they saw it was more often hateful than not," and they reacted to the remote and fanciful. One may doubt if that theory will explain the sixth book of the Æneid (if you call that romance) and still less does it explain Catullus in whom she sees "the representative of the Roman spirit complete," oscillating between the tenderly fanciful and filthy abuse. You cannot summarize Catullus so simply as that. His idiosyncrasy was partly personal and partly, it may be plausibly suspected, a matter of race. That he had Celtic blood is not proved, but he was as unlike the traditional Roman character as anything imaginable; whereas you can find men like him in almost everything but genius among the Jacobins of 1793, and the assassin-martyrs of modern Ireland.

In other respects Miss Hamilton will sometimes surprise you, but she can usually sustain herself with a good argument. Cicero regarded in the abstract, she observes, may be first and last the orator; but Cicero considered as a link in a chain, as a figure in civilization, is primarily the popularizer. "For centuries he was the main channel by which Greek standards reached mankind." His most respected philosophical and ethical writings may be commonplace now, "but once these truisms were strangely new and it was Cicero who made them common."

When it comes to the decay of Roman intelligence and spirit in the second century Miss Hamilton can no more explain it than anyone else, and she does not try. A critical analysis of Tacitus, Juvenal, the Stoics—but they are hard to harmonize. Except that it can be said that "the Stoic's creed armed the good man invulnerably against evil; it did not enlist him for active warfare upon the evil." So the Roman spiritual decline was marked by a continual looking backward, a longing for the old traditional virtues.

Miss Hamilton's closing pages might be commended to those who believe, or act as if they believe, that America is still a nation of frontiersmen pushing forward in their covered wagons into the trackless wilderness.

Elmer Davis, who is known as a novelist, critic, and writer on public affairs, was trained as a classical scholar.

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An Expert on Bridge

MONEY CONTRACT. By P. HAL SIMS. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by SIGMUND SPAETH

SINCE Mr. Sims has written his book for the average contract bridge player who would like to become more expert, it can fittingly be discussed by one who unquestionably belongs in that category. In the old days of auction, in the 1920's B. C. (Before Contract), this reviewer suffered often under the cruel and unusual play of Hal Sims, and he therefore doubly welcomes this full and frank confession of that master's individual methods.

It is fair to say that "Money Contract" is the most readable book ever written on card games, and for this much credit should go to Albert Rice Leventhal, the acknowledged literary assistant of Mr. Sims. But it is also the most provocative, the most original, and the most informing.

The greatest accomplishment of this book is that it frees the average player from the curse of "systems." The author says in his Epilogue, "I didn't want this book to be a conglomeration of rules, of rigid axioms intended to fit all situations. I don't think it is." And then he mentions the four "cornerstones" of his own methods of play: Soundness (in opening bids), Precision (in responses), Common Sense (in making deductions), and Imagination (in allowing for psychological factors).

There are a few points in which Hal Sims differs radically from other authorities on the game of contract bridge. His "primary tricks" include only Aces and Kings, as differentiated from the "quick tricks" and "honor tricks" of others. But his "secondary tricks" take full account of the Queens and Jacks, as well as the vital factor of "distribution."

His first or second hand openings demand a minimum of three primary tricks, except in cases of very favorable distribution (two long suits, or one unusually long major suit, with top honors). But he permits opening bids in third or fourth hand with considerably weaker cards.

He distinguishes definitely between "aggressive" and "defensive" hands, and refuses to bid the latter (lacking as much as a five-card suit) unless they contain abnormal strength in primary tricks.

Obviously a hand containing all the aces and kings in the pack may take only eight actual tricks, whereas a hand with only an ace and king at the head of an exceptionally long suit has great offensive possibilities.

Mr. Sims reserves his opening forcing bids of two for hands that guarantee a game without any help from partner, in other words with only three losing tricks if bid in a major suit, and only two if in a minor. He has a rare three-bid, which is a direct invitation to a slam, and demands only the showing of an ace by partner, or a denial with three no-trumps.

His responses include the increasingly popular "one-over-one," although he interprets this literally as applying only to the overcall of one suit by the bid of one in another, demanding that the contract be kept open for at least one more bid. A no-trump response is a "sign-off," indicating no real strength, although the Sims opening of one no-trump is a strong bid, in contrast to the practice of some other "one-over-one" addicts. (He also tries to secure the play of the hand at no-trump when he holds tenaces, AQ or KJ, to be led up to.)

Altogether, "Money Contract" makes more of the human equation than has any other bridge book, and as such it will appeal to all those who feel that their own intelligence may occasionally be superior to cast-iron formulas. It contains the new scoring rules, and future editions (of which there should be many) will doubtless include minor corrections to conform with the revised count.

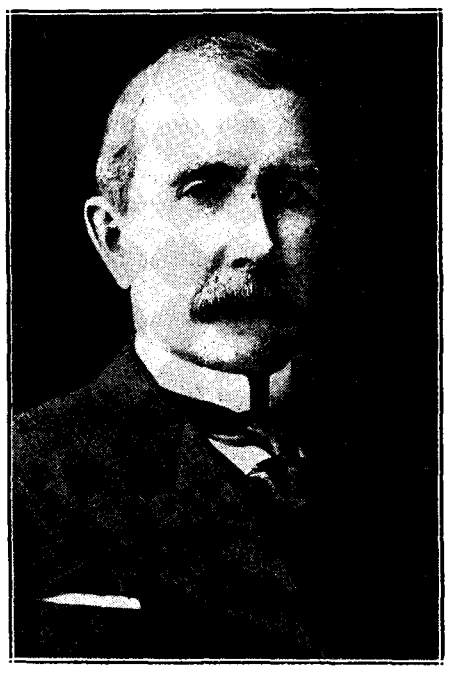
(Sigmund Spaeth is best known as a writer and speaker on music, and as the Tune Detective of radio. But he has also published "Sing a Song of Contract," which puts the fundamentals of the game into musical rhymes, and he still owns a "top-score" button of the Knickerbocker Club, besides playing enthusiastically at Bridge House and elsewhere.)

The Richest Man in the World

GOD'S GOLD. By JOHN T. FLYNN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN LEFEVRE

MR. FLYNN, in speaking of the hero, of his book, John D. Rockefeller, insists that he has "tried honestly to disengage the character of the subject from the features with which both hatred and affection have invested it and to make a true picture of him and the times in which he moved." We do get a long and interesting record of the Rockefeller family,



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER IN 1888.

Mr. Flynn, in a sardonic mood, going back as far as the tenth century. The early life of the boy who was destined to become the richest man in the world and the most execrated American of his generation, is admirably told. A character is built up, but it is a synthetic portrait that we get, not entirely convincing by reason of vital omissions. The picture of the life and manners of that pre-millionaire period is very well done and, altogether, it is by far the best part of the book. When he tells how the Standard Oil became the first, most efficient, and most abhorrent of all trusts, the author is less successful because neither his analysis nor his description of conditions is carried back far enough to tell the whole story. It would have taken too long.

The very vehemence of Mr. Flynn's desire to do a true portrait of a man who was first seen in the role of a devil and lived to become a whitewashed legend engaged in distributing dimes to prove how very old a very rich man can live to be in a short-memoried democracy, is responsible for his partial failure. One admires the patience and industry of the author even while feeling that he is less intent on doing justice than on not doing an injustice to John D. Rockefeller. Knowing that Ida Tarbell and Ivy Lee cannot both be right, he removes the warts from the earlier portrait and the halo from the latter. The stressing of Mr. Rockefeller's passion for order and business efficiency and his life-long attitude toward his copartnership with the Deity and the dollar, is not enough. We have facts but no picture, interesting reading but not definitive history. We never quite see the human inconsistency that made Henry M. Flagler characterize John D. Rockefeller in my hearing as the biggest little man and the littlest big man in the world. We accept Mr. Flynn's contention that the hell-hound of the early Oil City Derrick days is as untrue as the plaster-of-Paris angel cast in the Ivy Lee atelier two generations later. But one suspects that Mr. Flynn did not realize how many other and far subtler difficulties were bound to develop in writing about a nonagenarian who was tottering inoffensively toward the grave. Insistence upon using only "printable" facts may be decent journalism but it is not the way to write history. Mr. Flynn tells most of his anecdotes very well and, on the whole, dramatizes adequately enough; but he seldom visualizes vividly.

The conventionally one-sided impeachment of all front-page financiers—the very thing he resolved to avoid in writing about Rockefeller—exposes his weakness as a biographer. The tone is of the Sunday supplement, not of a serious work. Moreover, he generalizes recklessly. For example, the panic of 1907 was not precipitated by the "fact" that "Harriman and Morse and Heintz (*sic*) and Flint and Rogers and William Rockefeller and Morgan pumped the financial structure of the country full of water." Anybody could have told Mr. Flynn that there were many other contributory causes, some of them as far away as South Africa. To put James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, in the same class with Addicks, of Bay State Gas fame, is worse than unfair; it is stupid. John W. Gates was much more than a promoter. He was too picturesque for his own good. It took unusual business ability to keep the Illinois Steel Company, of which he was president, out of a receivership in 1893 or in 1896. It was after he became too rich that Gates would bet you a million —in the newspapers.

Any well-informed student of the history of the development of our resources will agree that certain American business practices began with the Declaration of Independence and have not ended with the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Flynn, who should know better, exaggerates the importance of the part played by a small class in the drama of change that we call history. Each age has its financial manners and its business morals. American dollar-captains always have fixed their own wages but always with the consent and even approval of a community that did not lynch them because it recognized kindred spirits, to be envied as well as denounced. He might have philosophized about what excessive prosperity has done for a nation where being overpaid has always been considered legitimate. There never was a monopoly on greed in these United States and capitalistic excesses are not an exclusive vice of the elderly rich. Incidentally, one regrets that he did not paint a more adequate portrait of the "Standard Oil Gang."

It seems incredible, at least, to one of Mr. Flynn's sincere admirers, that he thought well enough of the chapter on "God's Gold," which gives the book its title, to have taken it from the *Forum* where it was first printed and given it permanence by including it in a volume that will be read as long as Americans are interested in America. It is indisputably the worst chapter in the entire volume, not only pretentiously written but inaccurate and appallingly trite. The men whom Mr. Flynn sophomorically pillories may cherish the delusion that their gold came from God but in a book purporting to be the history of John D. Rockefeller and his times, why should he write the following:

> No one can blame a poor bishop for preferring a hard-headed business man as a pastor, one who can frisk the congregation extensively and meet the parish bills, to a pious but impractical priest who may save a lot of souls but put the parish into bankruptcy. After all, lost souls drop more or less noiselessly into hell, but the parish budget is loud and irrepressible!

There are many minor inaccuracies, especially in names. He writes of Senator "William" Hoar when it should be George F.; of "Benjamin" Cassatt instead of Alexander J.; of Judge "More" for Moore; of "Heintz" for Heinze; of "Kissler" for Kessler, and several others that a careful proofreader can catch in the next edition. But that there may be no serious misunderstanding about the book, it is an agreeable duty to record that the merits of "God's Gold" outweigh its defects. Mr. Flynn has done a remarkable piece of work and it is a pleasure to recommend it, blemishes and all, to the American public.

Edwin Lefevre is the author, among other books, of "Wall Street Stories," "Reminiscences of a Stock Operator," and "The Making of a Stock Broker."

A Delightful Friendship

LETTERS OF MRS. GASKELL AND CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Edited by JANE WHITEHILL. New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. $3.50.

WHEN on a carnival day in Rome in 1857, the young Charles Eliot Norton and the already celebrated Mrs. Gaskell made each other's acquaintance through their friends, the Storys, the chance meeting laid the foundation of a friendship which was to ripen into warmest affection and was only to be terminated by the sudden death of Mrs. Gaskell in 1865. During almost the whole of its length it was a friendship conducted entirely by correspondence, letters on Mrs. Gaskell's part full of underlinings, ejaculations, inquiries, family gossip, and occasional reference to public events, on Norton's more sober in expression though no less sincere in feeling.

Characteristically, in Norton's correspondence, his friends, Child, Lowell, Longfellow, and others of the Cambridge worthies, pass in and out. He writes in detail to Mrs. Gaskell of the tragic death of Mrs. Longfellow and of the poet-husband's grief, tells her of a visit to Wyman in the Physiological Museum which "was as cold and chilly as the gallery of a Roman palace in February, & we were glad to go down into Wyman's working-room, where, round the fire, we grew warm discussing the new book of Mr. Darwin's which is exciting the admiration and opposition of all our philosophers"; sends her information as to the growing tension between South and North, and inserts occasional bulletins of the progress of the war. She, on the other hand, writes him:

MRS. GASKELL.

"Read 'Scenes from Clerical Life,' published in *Blackwood*,—for *this* year,—I shd. think they began as early as Janry. or February. They are a discovery of my own and I am so proud of them. *Do* read them. I have not a notion who wrote them." And again, "A little word as to the authorship of 'Adam Bede'; I believe there is no doubt it is written by a Miss Mary Ann Evans," and she proceeds to enlarge upon Miss Evans's family and self, and to deplore her union with Lewes "whose character & opinions were formerly, *at least*, so bad."

Recurrently throughout the correspondence appears reference to the happy Roman visit. Of that charming idyll in her life, and of the rich and wholehearted Anglo-American friendship which sprang from it, this little volume stands as a pleasing memento.

The Saturday Review of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.... *Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN..... *Managing Editor*

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 9. No. 21.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Sherwood Anderson

BEYOND DESIRE. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. New York: Horace Liveright. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by T. K. WHIPPLE

THE publication, after seven years, of a new novel by Sherwood Anderson is a reminder, and a melancholy one, of the happy days from 1915 to 1925 when the movement in which he was conspicuous was in full swing. The reminder is melancholy, because that movement has vanished and has had as yet no adequate successor. Fifteen years ago the whole literary world was alive with the excitement of hope and expectation, but now, though good writers have recently appeared, they seem unrelated and sporadic, not a conquering, bannered host. To be sure, the movement which began in the flare-up over free verse and died in the flare-up over humanism failed to keep all its promises—too many of the luminaries we thought might be planets proved meteorites, burnt out as soon as ignited—but is not that because every genuine movement excites anticipations beyond any possible achievement?

We have merely witnessed again a common and recurrent phenomenon. Not only have meteorites always been the rule in the literary sky, planets the exception, but furthermore it is a law of literary history that "renaissances" and "movements," which look at the time novel and brave, as if in ushering in new eras, are regularly, on the contrary, ushering old eras out. I might illustrate this law with the Elizabethan Age and the Romantic Movement in England; but I will cite only the American period, our "Golden Day," which closed with "Leaves of Grass." Whitman undoubtedly thought he was announcing a quite fresh epoch, whereas he was actually terminating one that had begun some thirty-five years earlier.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON
From "On Parade," by Eva Herrmann (Coward-McCann).

Similarly, the outburst of 1915-1925, instead of inaugurating anything, will probably be seen in retrospect to have ended a movement which had had its inception half a century before.

None of the galaxy of the Harding Era shone more brightly or went out more suddenly than Sherwood Anderson, and "Beyond Desire" helps explain both his own fate and that of his contemporaries. He and they were growing up, most of them in the midland, in the eighties and nineties, and the world of their youth, as Anderson's autobiographical writings show, was still in the main the older America—for convenience let us call it Mark Twain's America: it was still in essentials the world of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. With this America, now blighted and moribund, Anderson dealt successfully, though in an appropriately bleak spirit, in all his best work from "Winesburg" on. That whole way of life was based upon free land and upon agriculture; it died with the disappearance of free land and the triumph of the machine. The United States entered upon a new phase of its history, and Anderson and his coevals found themselves precipitated into an alien day. His earlier work was all a sharp and bitter epitaph for the old world that was perishing, and a curse for the new world being born—and rightly so, since he belonged to his own times.

But now in "Beyond Desire" he has made an effort to catch up, to adapt both himself and his subject matter to the present. He has written a story of mill workers in Southern mill towns; his treatment reveals his new attitude towards communism. His hero, Red Oliver, a middle class boy, son of an unsuccessful doctor, and a college graduate, by going to work as a mill hand abandons his own social class without finding another, since he is not really accepted by the workers. With this boy Anderson contrasts on the one hand a group of girls who work in the mills, and on the other a woman of Oliver's class, the town librarian Ethel Long, discontented and unsatisfied, with whom Red has a sexual experience.

The jacket of the book says that the hero "must run the gamut of hungers, must satisfy all desires before he can himself be beyond desire"—a statement as misleading as any could be. For the point of the story, if there is one, must be that, so far from "satisfying all desires," nobody manages to satisfy any desire, however hard he tries. Red Oliver's social as well as his sexual longings are thwarted. Perhaps after he has attached himself to the Communists (with whom he has no sense of belonging) and has been shot for disobeying a militia captain's command, he may be said, being dead, to be beyond desire; but he arrives at that condition quite fortuitously, not by any design or ordered progress. When he disobeys, he feels himself as big a fool as the militia captain did after issuing the command. Both of them, like all the other people in the book, are caught in a situation they cannot understand or cope with. They are as puzzled, groping, and baffled as any of Anderson's previous characters.

Questioning and bewilderment, of course, have always been as conspicuous in the author as in his people, but in his better books, for all his perplexity, he was able as writer and artist to deal with his material. That ability seems to have deserted him. In part it is that in trying for a form more or less like Dos Passos's, he has fumbled it; even more it is that he has undertaken to handle people and situations which are not his own. At any rate, "Beyond Desire" lacks that amazing insight, that extraordinary power of "going beneath the surface of the lives of men and women," he displayed in treating the folk of his own generation. The modern young Americans in "Beyond Desire," though true enough as far as they go, are done from the outside, not with the inwardness of Anderson's earlier characters. That the material has not been creatively entered into, is shown by his taking refuge in annoying mannerisms, which have replaced honest, spontaneous writing, as well as by his failure to integrate the novel as a whole.

"Beyond Desire" is an account, by a man lost between two ages, of people likewise lost between two ages; he and they are in the same plight. If his account is unsatisfactory, it must be because he belongs chiefly to the last age, they to the next—he to the dead, they to the unborn. Hence comes the weakness of the novel: it is the product of an assumed attitude, of a point of view which the author thinks—no doubt correctly—he ought to have, but which is not natural and instinctive.

A comparison with Dos Passos is illuminating. "Beyond Desire" is just the book to have proved, in Dos Passos's hands, a brilliant triumph. But does not Dos Passos see the present social chaos so clearly and so truly because he sees it contrasted against a *prospective image of order* which is in his own mind? And that prospective image of order is the great lack in the birthright of Sherwood Anderson and in his contemporaries.

Just this lack accounts for the fate of the movement of 1915-1925—not for its failure, since it by no means failed—but for its disappearance. This lack justifies connecting the writers of that school rather with the American past than with the American future.

Old Wine in the Bottles

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE. By JOHN ERSKINE. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1932. $2.50.

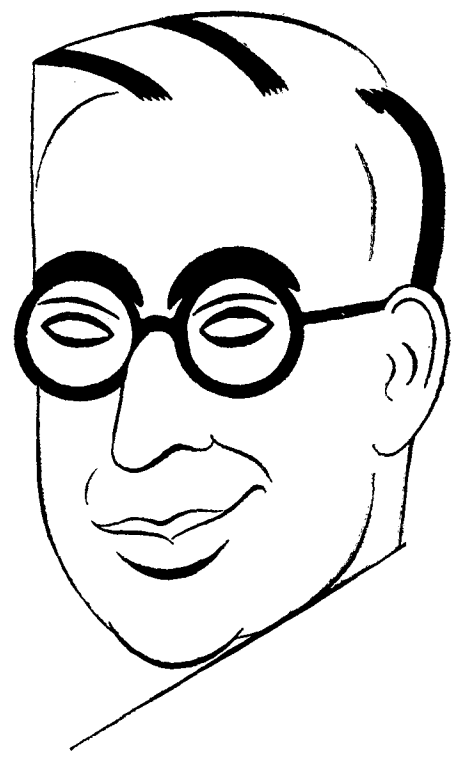
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IN his latest book Mr. John Erskine has, as everybody will be glad to hear, returned to his earlier manner, that of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and "Galahad." Nothing will ever be so delightful in its own way, as "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"—that is one of the books like "The Dolly Dialogues" in which a new manner is born with a perfection that its own originator cannot recapture—but this book is much more successful than its author's "Galahad." The reason is plain, that Mr. Erskine, like a very Prohibitionist of common sense, begins by taking away from the Arthurians all their magic chalices; and without the Holy Grail there is nothing left of the story of Galahad, whereas without the love-potion there is the story of Tristan and the two Isoldes a strong, even a bitter novel; and this Mr. Erskine has come near to writing. He has not quite written it, as a matter of his own choice, because he has not taken Tristan for his principal character, but Isolde's unsuccessful lover, the pagan knight Palamede.

Sir Palamede is one of the most fascinating figures in the "Morte Darthur," and Mr. Erskine is quite right in saying that he has not had justice done him—always excepting Sir Thomas Malory. In the "Morte Darthur" Palamede appears as a noble paynim, devoted to the ideals of chivalric Christianity, the more, perhaps, because he was not born to them—*"Ill aimait ces anglais un peu plus qu'ils ne pouvaient s'aimer eux-memes,"* as M. Maurois says of Disraeli—the devoted and entirely hopeless lover of that Belle Isolde whom Tristan, the successful, did not sufficiently prize; and yet, after all, a barbarian. Malory's Sir Palamede is always breaking the medieval code of honor, and bitterly repenting it. Once after he has disguised himself to attack Sir Tristan La Belle Isolde rebukes him, and the next morning, says Malory, "Sir Tristram, Gareth, and Dinadan arose early, and then they went unto Sir Palomides's chamber, and there they found him fast asleep, for he had all night watched, and it was seen upon his cheeks that he had wept full sore." That is Malory's Sir Palomides, a figure the more memorable for its imperfections.

But then, the code of chivalry, and the medieval understanding of Christianity, were valid for Malory; and they are not for Mr. Erskine. He hints that the Christianity of any Christian country, at any time, would scarcely satisfy a noble pagan who had learned of Christ in his own country. And so Mr. Erskine's Palamede is a civilized Arab, son of a chieftain who reads the poets when his European contemporaries can find no better ways of amusing themselves than by cutting their friends to pieces or raping peasant wenches; and Palamede hears the doctrine of ennobling and entirely unselfish sexual love from a captive, a Christian—a eunuch. So Palamede comes to Christendom, and the story of "Tristan and Isolde" is the story of his painful education in commonsense among these Christian cutthroats who profess a Christian ideal of holy matrimony, and a chivalric ideal of courtly love, and are habitually false to both.

This is by no means so delicious as "Helen of Troy," but it is deeper. It is both witty and thoughtful, both tragic and laughable; above all, it is a book that one may call "sensible," in the tone of voice in which Jane Austen made that one of the highest terms of praise. If I cannot forbear to say that in it I miss my boyhood's friend Sir Tristram, it is only because near the beginning, before Palamede has been brought to Cornwall to overshadow him, Mr. Erskine's lighthearted young ruffian Tristan is near enough to the great Sir Tristram whom we knew to make the recollection poignant. And it is a fair criticism of the book to say that it is the better, the more closely his plot follows the old data. The first great situation of the tale is Tristan's appearance in Ireland to beg Isolde to heal a wound which he got in killing her uncle (or brother); and this Mr. Erskine treats with a Celtic impudence of dialogue on both sides which is irresistible. The last great situation is Tristan's death, caused by the jealousy of Isolde Blanchemains; here Mr. Erskine finds it necessary to leave his originals, and here one cannot help feeling a little let down. But after



JOHN ERSKINE
From "On Parade," by Eva Herrmann (Coward-McCann).

all, the old Tristram is immortal, we can always call him if we want him; and Mr. Erskine has here given us another, and for the surface gaiety and the deep sympathy of his treatment of the story, we have great reason to be grateful.

The Promised Land

GREENHORN. By PAUL KING. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

IMMIGRANTS to America have before this been autobiographical, but they have been, too, always serious. They may have been idealistic with an afterglow of sentimentality, like Mr. Bok, or realistic with a comet flare of bitterness, like Emma Goldman, but the whole show never struck them as anything to be taken lightly. Paul King finds something amusing in the most painful of his adventures and he finds the occasional incongruous infantilism, which to the European must always seem so amazing in the face of our factual achievements, entertaining rather than discouraging.

Mr. King came from Budapest to America as a very young man indeed. The trip over was dayless and nightless in the rat-infested dark of a ship's hold. But that cost nothing, and America lay ahead as the happy ending. Once in the Promised Land, the young man fell softly. A position in a successful cousin's office, money in his pockets, understanding friends, and the Hungarian tongue in many pleasant gathering places sweep "Greenhorn" clear of the usual anti-climactic arrival tales of disappointed Ellis Islanders. But "greenhorn" in Hungarian means someone who will never learn the ways of practical conservative life. One who will throw up a good job for a poor chance, leave a comfortable home for the life a-road, and consider possessions as incumbrances. Paul King is such a greenhorn.

Mr. King has enjoyed America, for all its accurately placed punches on the chin. And readers will enjoy his account of his sojourn here, written in a merry tone throughout but leaving out none of the less pleasant angles of his experience. And if the reader cannot help suspecting that a little imagination has aided Mr. King's pen in jotting down the facts, why, what better than imagination to make a good story good?

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Murder Will Out

BEFORE THE FACT. By FRANCIS ILES. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

WICKEDLY conceived, cunningly and cruelly executed, this book is nothing less than diabolical; for its very existence imperils the sacred tranquillity of the American home. (Regarding the havoc that it must have already wrought in England, I lack statistics.) The husband who reads it will, if he has any imagination, hide it from his wife before he is half-way through the volume; and the wife, if she has any curiosity, will ferret it out and read it fascinatedly to the bitter end. Thereafter a shadow will lie across that household; unspoken thoughts will charge the atmosphere with dangerous electricity; a subtle unacknowledged virus will be doing poisonous work. The husband will be pierced by a sudden sense of guilt when he finds himself smiling at his wife, and a shudder will pass through her whenever she realizes that he is smiling. For the haunting tale of Johnnie and Lina Aysgarth will lie heavily upon their hearts. They will say to themselves, but not to each other: Johnnie smiled like that; or, Lina looked like that. And each will avoid the other's eyes. Do I exaggerate? Perhaps. But let no married couples who read these lines say that they were not warned.

Speaking no more seriously, but perhaps more rationally, Francis Iles has written a thriller which makes me wish that I commanded five-score housetops, or newspaper columns, that I might proclaim its extraordinary merits from each and all of them. And the word "thriller," as it is used here, is meant to convey no suggestion of clutching hands, murderous simians, self-opening doors, mysterious gusts of chilling air, flitting ghosts, Indian blow-pipes, screams in the dark, disappearing bodies, international conspiracies, or master minds. "Before the Fact" is a thriller of so high an order that one may be proud to acknowledge being thrilled by it; there is no more reason to apologize for the emotions that it evokes than there is to be shamefaced over one's reactions to "The Turn of the Screw." Indeed, I have already involved myself in several more or less acrimonious arguments by insisting that the tale of Johnnie, the ever-smiling, and of Lina, more patient than any Griselda, makes James's much praised masterpiece seem like a bedtime story in comparison. But I shall not insist here.

It is difficult to discuss a novel of this kind at any length without telling more of the story than the expectant reader should be allowed to know; but it is certainly permissible to quote the author's opening paragraph, and no one can claim that it is uninformative. Very well, then:

> Some women give birth to murderers, some go to bed with them, and some marry them. Lina Aysgarth had lived with her husband for nearly eight years before she realized that she was married to a murderer.

That is certainly something to go on with; and to this initial revelation a few facts may be safely added. Among them: The gentleman to whom Lina is married is one of the most delightful murderers in fiction; he would be an infernal nuisance to live with, but to be killed by him would be almost a pleasure. Lina herself is an extraordinary character, dominated by a love that mounts in direct proportion to the growing unworthiness of its object; but, because of her creator's apparently effortless powers of persuasion, she is wholly convincing. And, after all, the reader is gradually hypnotized just as she is. There is something about Johnnie . . . As for Beaky, whom you will meet, he is unique, absurd, and beyond price; and you will probably find yourself, like one person of my acquaintance, reading his speeches aloud in order to extract the full flavor of his inimitable gabble. If you happened to see Nigel Bruce as John Jelliwell in Benn Levy's "Springtime for Henry" last season, you will know exactly what tone and accents to employ.

These are the principal characters of a story that grips the reader's attention on the first page, snares his interest in an ever-tightening net, and finally holds him immobile and fascinated in the presence of impending horror. The author's line is clean and sure, and his urbane detachment from moral or emotional judgment is absolute. This is, he says simply, what happened to a nice girl and an unusually charming young man who married and who settled down in the peaceful lap of the English countryside; and we who read are made to believe him implicitly. As the first half of the story progresses, it brings us to the edge of our chairs; then there is a lull, the tension slackens, and we wonder what the author can possibly do with the remainder of his book. But the lull proves only a natural and effective caesura in his narrative line, and after it the story gathers pace again and sweeps on to a conclusion that has the inevitability of classic tragedy.

There is a theory current among the more hard-boiled devotees of horror-murder-mystery-detective fiction that good writing has little or no place in their beloved type of literature; that it too frequently trips up the yarn, and dilutes the groggy mixture. Give us the raw meat, they say, and away with condiments, sauces, and fancy carving. "Before the Fact" is enough to disprove this barbaric theory, enough to prove that the better a murder or mystery yarn is written, the better a murder or mystery yarn it will be. For here we have good writing, remarkable characterization, perfect construction, climax instead of anti-climax, natural ease instead of labored artifice, sophistication instead of naiveté, sardonic wit, and genial humor,—in short, almost all the elements that are usually absent from fiction of this kind. And at the same time we have the best study of a murderer that has appeared in our day, and, so far as I know, the most extraordinary study of a born murderer that is anywhere discoverable. "Before the Fact" is a high mark at which other workers in the genre will do well to shoot.

I FIND a very serious error in "Let There Be Beer," by Bob Brown, published by Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. He refers to me as "a big, bubbling beer-bibber" of the early part of the twentieth century and adds: "Though Don Marquis slept in Brooklyn he had his beer being in Greenwich Village."

What we want in scientific research, above everything else, is absolute accuracy. And Mr. Brown's mistake is apt to give a wrong picture of the whole literary history of New York during that period. The fact is, that when I went to Greenwich Village in those days I drank wine; mostly dago red, with now and then some white wine. The wine of the country was what I was hunting for. My serious beer drinking of that period was largely done in a saloon which stood in the triangle where Nassau Street and Park Row come together; a wonderful place which was practically a newspaper man's club, and was known as "Lipton's." Ben De Casseres, Kit Morley, and I have solved most of the problems of the universe in that place, sitting in wooden booths under queer-stained glass windows.

A good place for ale at that time was Farrish's Chop House, which used to stand at the corner of William Street and . . . and what? John? Or Fulton? I forget. I used to go there for the musty ale served in pewter mugs with glass bottoms, for the lush mutton chops, and, now and then, following a substantial lunch with a quart or two of ale, a delicate dessert consisting of a Welsh rarebit poured over a wedge of hot mince pie.

But the best ale served anywhere in the greater city in those days was set before you in the barroom of the old Clarendon Hotel, in Brooklyn, just across the street from the Post Office building. It was Evans's ale, and it was drawn from wooden casks, through wooden spigots. A great deal of it was sold there, so it was always running fresh and cool—never very cold, only cool. It was, to my mind, better than Bass's. I never got anything as good in the way of beer or ale anywhere in Manhattan, not even at the far-famed popular resorts; not even the imported German brews. That, of course, must be a matter of individual taste.

Brooklyn, for the most part, working through the streets in a casual catch-as-catch-can spirit, always seemed to me to have better draught beer and ale than Manhattan. Perhaps there was some lingering sentiment from the old Dutch days on Long Island which worked into the brew.

Before we leave beer and writers, here is a little note about the late James G. Huneker. I never met him, but about a year before he died he wrote me a letter asking me to have lunch with him. But towards the end of the letter he evidently grew a little melancholy, for he wound it up with a postscript which read: "Oh, what the hell is the use of having lunch together—we can't get any good beer nowadays!" It was my impulse to get hold of a dozen bottles and hunt him up; but at just that period I couldn't find any decent beer anywhere. So I never saw him; and he was always one of my great admirations.

Don Marquis

Old Age and Youth

THE PASCARELLA FAMILY. By FRANZ WERFEL. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by B. W. HUEBSCH

THERE are few novels whose content is so independent of time and place as to make transposition to a different locale and a different era possible. This one by Werfel, although permeated by the feeling for Italy that is conspicuous in German writers since Goethe might, without essential change, be laid in the London of 1710 or the Frankfurt of 1820. The scene is twentieth century Naples, but the manner of telling the story is not unlike that of the Victorians, with their asides, comments, and apostrophes, as if Werfel had sought to soften the sharp outline of 1924. Furthermore, he emphasizes the chiaroscuro by the ancient devices of coincidence, visions, and premonitions, but these are so completely in character with the narrator's deliberately chosen style as to add to the archetypal quality of the book.

The English title is truer to the content than the German original (*Die Geschwister von Neapel*), for "*Geschwister*" (Brothers and Sisters) fails to include Don Domenico Pascarella, most tyrannical of fathers. The inner and outer life of six winning boys and girls is exposed so that one learns to know them intimately and to love them all, but it is the consummate old egotist who—like a black cloud, hovering over and darkening their lives—dominates the scene. He lives his narrow, selfish life in his office and his home; he crushes all that is spontaneous in the young people, spies on them, and thwarts their impulses, all without being any the happier for it. Only when he himself crumbles under the forces for which his pride and conceit are responsible, does he awake to the ghastly consequences of his conduct.

An author who creates six such delectable persons as these young Pascarellas may be pardoned for overstepping the bounds of probability by putting them all in one family. Such things don't happen! It is an idyll (sometimes qualified by pathos), this account of the saintly Annunziata, the blooming Grazia, the sparkling Irida; philosophic Placido, graceful Lauro, and ursine Ruggiero. (Even in his choice of names Werfel suggests allegory and timelessness.)

Misfortune overtakes the house of Pascarella; a partner absconds, leaving the business on the brink of ruin; Lauro dies in Brazil; Irida is the victim of a puzzling illness; Grazia resentfully kicks over the family traces; Annunziata, in despair, is about to take the veil; a malicious lawyer denounces Pascarella as a political heretic—everything happens at once, and at the worst possible moment. Enraged and bewildered, the old aristocrat, already almost insane over Lauro's death and Grazia's defection, is interrupted by the political agents while writing an obituary advertisement. He tries to shoot them, is overpowered, handcuffed, and dragged to jail by the carabinieri. The inhibitions of years fall away and in his futility and disgrace he can only bellow, "My children, my children!"

The deliciously improbable English *deus ex machina*—St. George, Lochinvar, Ivanhoe, in one—for love of Grazia pulls diplomatic wires to get Don Domenico out of jail and gives up his fortune to save the Pascarella name. The sky slowly clears, and the future holds promises for the Pascarellas, even for the broken and remorseful father.

Werfel sees with a dramatist's eye; he presents some unforgettable scenes—the opening of the opera at San Carlo; the masquerade ball at the Hotel Bertolini; the dawn of the next day when six youths and maidens—two still trailing confetti—traverse the streets of Naples in search of a missing father; the Fascist visitation; the arrest; the interview with the Prefect of Naples—poignant, tragic, brilliant, comic, that yearn for the stage.

Art, psychology, and professional skill unite to make this a most enjoyable book. No small man could have written it.

There is so much good in the anonymous translator's work that it may seem captions to object to "the prone figure" as a description of a woman who lay on her back, and to "the toothless mouth poured out a coagulated gabble of words." Nor can we be wholly satisfied with "a whole fusillade of opera-glasses were immovably trained on Box Number Three." The generally correct text strengthens the suspicion that the use of "she" for "her," in one instance, is the doing of a too zealous proofreader and not of the translator.

It is reported from Italy that Signor d'Annunzio has finished the novel on which he has been engaged for some years. The scene is medieval France, and much of the dialogue is said to be written in old French.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

BEFORE THE FACT. By FRANCIS ILES. *Doubleday, Doran.*
A psychological thriller which is the study of a born murderer.

MONEY CONTRACT. By P. HAL SIMS. *Simon & Schuster.*
A readable, provocative, and informing analysis of contract bridge.

PLAYS AND POEMS OF W. S. GILBERT. *Random House.*
A collection including the complete text of all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, three other Gilbert plays, and all of the "Bab Ballads."

This Less Recent Book:

THE LOVE CHILD. By EDITH OLIVER. *Viking.*
A charming and iridescent fantasy.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Cricket on the Hearth

I'VE been re-reading *The Cricket on the Hearth*. If I say what I feel to be so, that it shows a great genius in one of his least praiseworthy moments, I affront the many who (with good reason) consider the old story sacred. And if I argue the case in detail, pointing out the sawdust and mucilage with which its toy-characters and toy-plot are stuffed and glued together, I deprive the new reader of his lawful pleasure. This pleasure, which depends on surprise, is a crude one, for it is not so much surprise as deception. What sounded as though it was going to be a fable worthy of Hawthorne proves to be only a device of cheap melodrama.

Fortunately there are better pleasures in the creaky old thing. Dickens says of an innocent embrace toward the end of the last Chirp, "it was the most complete, unmitigated, soul-fraught little piece of earnestness that ever you beheld." This might well be a description of the story itself. It is pure hokum, formula, a glycerine of sentiment. It plays unfair tricks to keep the reader's suspense at stretch, then heaves the denouement in his face like a custard pie. But there can be no doubt that Dickens, while writing it, took it with full gravity; and whenever he stepped aside from the puerile plot and let his pen run, his genius showed through. I am not thinking now of *The Cricket* as something that millions have loved and delighted to honor. I am thinking of it as a candidate for the future.

Alas, the stock mechanisms move me little. The child-wife, the honest patient Carrier, the morose old cynic, even the angelic blind girl, scarcely come to life. The pathos is too obviously fabricated, and even the comedy, at first, is dangerously near being only waggish. The foggy weather, the bright fire, the beer and the Veal and Ham Pie, we've had them all before — we can get weather colder and foggier in the *Christmas Carol*. (If it is desired to keep alive some of the really gorgeous Christmas Stories, why doesn't someone reprint the little-known *Somebody's Luggage?*) But when all deductions have been made, suddenly C. D. forgets that he's got to build up a fraudulent mystery for his clients, forgets to put in his genial moralizing, and just has fun. Then he gives us the dog Boxer; Tilly the knockabout nurse-girl, or old Mrs. Fielding who always remembers how genteel she is—then we know what we're there for.

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Samuel Butler—a Dickensian sort of character, by the way—once said that at a certain funeral (probably that of a publisher) he covered his face with his handkerchief to conceal his lack of emotion. I doubt whether Dickens ever did that. He had so many emotions, and all so readily available, that one difficulty was to keep a given story in a uniform key. He begins *The Cricket on the Hearth* in one of his veins of rich enchantment. The idea of using the cricket's humble music as a symbolic chorus is one of the prettiest in all fiction. He was never more felicitous, in his fireside manner, than in the contest between Cricket and Kettle. It is a triumph both of tone and overtone. Perhaps there are still some who haven't noticed that after the Kettle actually begins to boil, Dickens falls into verse to suggest the simmering humming sing-song of the tune. (Read again that paragraph beginning "That this song of the Kettle's was a song of invitation," etc.) I sometimes wonder just how much of the Peerybingle domestic detail is lost upon the youngest and most metropolitan readers. Do they know the tinkle of an old iron kettle on an open grate of coals? Do they know what pattens are, or marrowbones and cleavers? Do they know that a carrier is what we would now call the expressman? What do they know of the *Royal George?* Have they (horrid thought) ever heard a chilblained cricket pipe up when the chimney warms? Even the old toy Noah's arks, such as Caleb Plummer made, have almost vanished from the earth.

So he begins in that warm, humane, chaffing tone, and gives us what he was put into the world to invent: the simple John who *nearly* makes a joke, but never quite; Tilly the maid with her gaping green stays and the inspired echoes of baby-talk; Caleb the toymaker who wants to pinch Boxer's tail to watch him bark. "There is a small order just come in for barking dogs; and I should wish to go as close to Natur' as I could for sixpence." With all these riches and so many more, why, why, we ask ourselves, must the author transpose into another key and insist on "the true Poetry of Heart that hid itself in this poor Carrier's breast?" Why could he not leave the delightful Cricket as a chirping Cricket and not insist on its being a Good Fairy as well? Why must Tackleton be a one-eyed ogre? Foolish questions! As soon expect the Mississippi River to edit itself as suppose Dickens capable of blue-pencilling his favorite formulæ. Remember, too, that that was the age of the Christmas pantomimes. These fantasies are scarcely to be thought of as prose fiction; they are pantomimes in print.

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The interesting thing is that the little fairy-tale does survive, no matter how weighted down with a millstone of Sermon. Perhaps it survives chiefly among collectors and connoisseurs; for the multitudinous reader much would seem to be against it. Its local color is surely strange to young beginners. Its mode of narration is as unsteady as the Kettle itself on Mrs. Peerybingle's grate. Every now and then a gush of homiletics spills over; there is a hiss of steam and the coals go black. Then we come to a strong and naive passage of symbolism like the description of the toys, or Caleb's heroic pretences for the benefit of the blind girl. That whole scene in the toymaker's shop is sheer cinema of the finest sort. The simple and satisfying melodrama of Caleb and Bertha would magnify into dramatic power under what the world of films calls treatment. Even such crude business as the Deaf Old Gentleman might then become credible. Perhaps, just as the tale was born out of the suggestions of the pantomime, so its natural affinity today is for the broad persuasions of the screen.

"A whimsical kind of masque," was Dickens's own annotation, "to awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts." It can still awaken them; though also, in this very different place and time, it can sometimes cause a perverse reaction. So much chirp about the fireside bliss, such loud tallyho about so small a fox, such sweeping transactions in black and white, can vex as well as inspire. To criticize is often to criticize ourselves. But surely no careful reader can come again to this tale without some sense of its complete, even if amiable, anachronism. It was written out of a different world.

The Cricket seems so far away, in its manner and method, it is incredible to reflect that we are only two begats removed. Humor is perennial, but the sentimentalisms of a different age are always difficult to comprehend. When you shift from Direct Current to Alternating, you have to use the device known (I think) as a transformer. The transformer to apply to this and other stories of the same kind, if you find them difficult, is the pleasant hallucination of Christmas. Christmas as we know it now, and as Retail Trade should gratefully remember, was largely the invention of Dickens. He did not write his Christmas Stories with an eye on credibility or technical doctrine.

What is that unnamable quality, sign of the very greatest, that sometimes shows most plainly in their least admirable works? Even where they yield to every corruption of taste we are aware of reserves and tangencies of power; they go wrong with the same characteristic gusto that they go right. In this fantasy Dickens took an idea of exquisite grace and tenderness, the idea of the warm elfin music of the cricket as the symbol of the home. In spite of some excellent gayety and several noble passages he managed to trample and wallow all over his fragile theme. Not Tackleton himself could have "scrunched" the cricket more cruelly than Dickens did. Yet in some mystic way his genius remains unmistakable. When he goes wrong we don't mind and don't care. We ignore the infelicities, we fill in the chinks to suit ourselves. We forgive him everything, we always will, for the quality of heart behind the page.

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GASTRONOMER ROYAL

(From a Special Correspondent)
At Sea—approaching the Azores
Villefranche to New York
November 24, 1932.

SIR:—What can be more glamorous than one's *third* trip to London? . . . The city is so vast that it still has all the exhilaration of a first discovery, and the hospitality so lively—British reserve, my eye!—that it has the enchantment of a homecoming. . . . I found the spirit more buoyant than ever before, theatres, concerts, and unemployment demonstrations going full blast, publishing considerably more active than it was two years ago, the mood one of grim hopefulness. . . . It was thrilling to strike London in the midst of a Gilbert and Sullivan revival at the Savoy, a Beethoven Sonata cycle, with Arthur Schnabel, at Queen's Hall, and red rioters marching on Parliament, with Rolls-Royces blocking the traffic! . . . Other stellar attractions were Blanche Knopf, George Doran, Malcolm Johnson, Allan Lane, Peggy Wood, Charlie Evans, Victor Gollancz, and a ribald renaissance of charades. . . . You should have seen Victor Gollancz, with full beard, impersonating a People's Commissar of the British Soviet Republic, in a cabinet meeting with Comrade Lloyd George and Comrade Winston Churchill. . . .

Almost literally I went straight from the Plymouth Boat Train to the Savoy, to revel in *Ruddigore*. This was the sixth time I'd heard it, but the other five productions, enchanting as they were, put the Rupert D'Oyly Carte before the horse. . . . Here on this hallowed ground I found Gilbert and Sullivan in all its classical grandeur, a feast for the gods, and standing room only. . . . In this respect the "Buy British" campaign has my vociferous support. . . .

All England is struggling valiantly to get back to the coal standard, and the skies are black with a bitter economic controversy. . . . "To Spend or to Save: that is the Question," and Josiah Stamp, J. Maynard Keynes, Ernest Benn, G. D. H. Cole, and other high priests of the dismal science are breaking lances and splitting infinitives in full-column letters to the *Times*. . . . These are great days for discussing the Five Marx Brothers,—Karl having joined the troupe at the British Museum. . . .

A general observation on the word-traffic here in England: Where are the titans of yesteryear? . . . Too much reviewing and not enough criticism; too much publishing and not enough editing; too many people who know how to say it, and have nothing to say; too much competence and not enough inspiration. . . . But don't take this generalization too literally: the stream of literature is still running deeply and richly—if only they would break the occasional jams by clearing out some of the logs that are rolled into cliques and heaps!

Another notable phenomenon is the flourishing state of what we used to call (at sixty cents an agate line) the "Eighth Lively Art"—the Crossword Puzzle Pastime. Wonder of wonders, the fad has not only been stabilized, just as it has in America, but it has been institutionalized, glorified, sanctified — inner-sanctified — for, believe it or not, crosswords are now being published by the London *Times*—the Thunderer itself—the Nonesuch Press, and Oxford University! . . . Any minute now I expect to see Buranelli, Petherbridge, and Hartswick elevated to the House of Lords, and presented with the Rock of Gibraltar (I just passed that Prudential Parapet the day before yesterday. Ripley was there a few days ahead of me —checking up a "Believe It or Not" for the next book—it seems that Gibraltar is not particularly strong, after all—it is made of chalk, and slowly disintegrating. . . .)

One day at lunch I struck my first real London fog. It was pitch black, and I stopped off at the cable office to send a message at Night Rates to MacSimon and MacSchuster. . . .

In my three weeks in London I saw *Ruddigore, Iolanthe,* and *The Mikado*. . . . It was sad, and characteristic of the best stage traditions, to see the show go on, in gay splendor, on the night Rupert D'Oyly Carte had word of his son's death in Switzerland. . . . Allan Lane, a friend of Donnell Fancourt (a magnificent Sir Roderic Murgatroyd) took me back-stage, and we discussed the chances of Prohibition Repeal over Scotch and soda. . . . I had my Hoboken Free State passport viza'd, with a flourish, by Frank Morley in the Inner Sanctum of Faber and Faber. . . . Frank has just perfected an ingenious spool-like contrivance (pat. pending) for enabling editors and publishers to read galley-proofs in bed. (One by one, all the problems of our mortal lot are being solved.). . . . Beds, by the way, are all the rage this season among the London literati. . . . Gollancz is bringing out an insomniac's omnibus, called "the Bedside Book"; Gerald Howe is publishing the honeymooners' anthology, called "The Bride's Book," and scores of English publishers (I wouldn't exaggerate if I said dozens) are intrigued by the Simon and Schuster campaign for the convalescent's hand-book, "Fun in Bed." . . .

. . . On a rainy Sunday afternoon I found myself in Trafalgar Square in the midst of the hunger marchers' demonstration "to smash the Means Test." . . . To the headline writers it was "The Siege of London"; actually it was a mild but grim bivouac. . . . The Lions athwart the Nelson statue did actually see red . . . and the slogan that impressed me most was: *"Don't Starve in Silence."* . . . When I got back to the hotel I found a notice of "The Ball of the Season" under the patronage of Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of York," in aid of The Isle of Dogs Housing Society. . . . Guests are requested to wear a head-dress or tiara. . . . Tickets two guineas each, including a champagne supper and running buffet."

All my friends in London proved themselves to be what Frank Morley called "gastronomers Royal" and made my entire stay a Gourmet's Festival. . . . London can be almost as good as Paris, if you know where to go. . . . Isola Bella, the Ivy, *Jardin des Gourmets*, the Savoy Grill, and clubs like the Garrick (what lordly sherry!), the Athenæum, the Reform, the Savage, and the Devonshire. . . . Another reason for rejoicing was a godlike performance of Schubert's Seventh Symphony at Queen's Hall. . . . No Toscanini, by any means, and no New York Philharmonic, *but what Heavenly music!* . . . . . J. W. N. Sullivan (his book on Beethoven published by Knopf is a work of sheer genius) introduced me to Arthur Schnabel after the Appasionata recital. . . . He is built like Ludwig (and I don't mean Emil) and he plays his music with fire and thunder. . . .

Did you ever prowl down in the second-hand book-stalls at Foyle's on Charing Cross Road? . . . I met Foyle himself: he looks like Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, but his books are much cheaper. . . I bought almost a car-load of old Temple and Oxford classics and still got change from a ten-pound note. . . . Miss Christina Foyle is charming. . . . She has started a rhyming contest to fill out the couplet "She was only a book-seller's daughter—" . . . Thus far the winning line is "—But she was caught in the Publishers' Net" . . . . At dinner, we thought of a sure-fire title for

(*Continued on page* 316)

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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

By AMY LOVEMAN

"THRIFT, thrift, Horatio." Not jewels, but books, are fitting gifts for the winter of discontent in which this Christmas of 1932 still finds the poor old world jogging along. And since the depression has laid its heavy hand upon publishing as upon all else the books from which you can make choice of presents are fewer in number than in late years, but (so much of good at least has sprung from ill) more carefully chosen and better worthy of attention than in the recent past. Take that friend of yours, for instance, whom hard times have forced to hold his nose more steadily to the grindstone than ever before. In the midst of heavy labors perhaps he yearns for vicarious adventure. Well, it's his for the giving. What more splendid theme could he exercise his imagination upon than the wanderings of Ulysses? And here they are, newly translated from the Greek by that prince of adventurers, that hero of the Great War whose feats are both history and the stuff of romance, Lawrence of Arabia. Under the name of T. E. Shaw he has published (and strange man that he is, will allow no trade edition of his work to appear in England) a new version of the Odyssey (Oxford University Press), that has a splendid vigor and dash to its rendering of the epic. Translated into a prose that not only has discarded much of the traditional manner of Homeric translations but which is familiar, at times almost slangy, in diction, it carries a note by Aircraftsman Shaw to the effect that in his opinion the Odyssey is the first great novel, and that it is as a novel and not as poetry that it must be regarded. We admit a fondness ourself for Homeric epithet, and like our Juno white-armed and our seas wine-red whenever they are mentioned; nevertheless come one, come all, say we. We should be delighted to admit the new Odyssey to neighborship with the Butcher and Lang rendering on our self. Try it on your business friend.

It were wise, if what you are intent on is diverting him from his troubles, to tuck into the package with the Odyssey, just by way of light reading, Robert Benchley's "No Poems" (Harpers), a volume of amusing squibs on the persons we all are on occasions, or the "Wodehouse Omnibus" (Doubleday, Doran), in which if your friend is a Wodehouse fan he can revel for many a night, or, to switch back to adventure, "The Saga of Fridtjof Nansen" (Norton), by Jon Sörensen. Oh, and you might send instead of one of the others (in view of the times we don't say with them), "Shudders and Thrills" (Little, Brown), by Phillips Oppenheim, the name of which betrays the pleasurably unpleasant nature of its contents but not the fact that it is the second Oppenheim omnibus.

However, there's no reason for writing as though your friend the business man were trying to escape all literature which might have special pertinence to his work. There's plenty that falls within its orbit from which to make choice, "God's Gold" (Harcourt, Brace), by John T. Flynn, for instance, which under its unindicative title is a life of John D. Rockefeller, *or* Burton J. Hendrick's "Life of Andrew Carnegie" (Doubleday, Doran), or, to pass from biography to more general discussion, "Gold and Monetary Stabilization" (Century), by Edward Quincy Wright, "War Debts and World Prosperity" (Century), by Harold Moulton and Leo Pasvolsky, a book originally put out in a small edition by the Brookings Institution of Washington, "A New Deal" (Macmillan), by Stuart Chase, or "Profits or Prosperity?" (Harpers), by Henry P. Fairchild.

Who should be more interested than the same business man in what the worker is doing? And in what he—and all of the rest of us, whether we labor with hands or brains—will do with the leisure that it seems likely may lie in the future for a world reorganized on a new time schedule? Certainly, then, the gentleman of affairs ought to find matter for thought in such a book as "The Soviet Worker" (Liveright), by Joseph Freeman, or in a novel like "Nobody Starves" (Longmans, Green), by Catherine Brody, which is a painful but effective study of unemployment. Two other novels which ought particularly to fall in with his interests are Phyllis Bentley's "Inheritance" (Macmillan), the story of several generations of an English mill-owning family, and Jean Schlumberger's "St. Saturnin" (Dodd, Mead), an effective and powerful portrayal of a great French industrial family. Quite likely your friend would read with high interest Delisle Burns's "Leisure in the Modern World" (Century), and since, if he hopes to make a success, he must know something of his country, Morris Markey's "This Country of Yours" (Little, Brown). Frank Simonds's "Can America Stay at Home" (Harpers) should also prove a good selection for him.

Woe is us; we make no progress. And days are short, and time is fleeting, and morning follows as certainly on night as age on youth, and at the other end of night waits the printer. "My life is one demd horrid grind." Which reminds us that we like Dickens.

We like Dickens, and we're glad we like Dickens, because if we didn't like Dickens we wouldn't read Dickens, and we like Dickens. And so we're glad that Dutton has brought out the "Letters of Dickens to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, "a philanthropist whose name in Victorian days was as familiar to England as Rockefeller's is to America today. The letters are interesting and often characteristic expressions of the novelist's preoccupations and occupations, and might well be welcome, we should think, on the Christmas table of friends who "have declined into the vale of years." They (your friends, we mean not the years) no doubt still cherish memories of a youth when Dickens was a name to conjure with and the author himself a recent visitor in America. That's the group, too, which would be likely particularly to enjoy "New Letters of James Russell Lowell" (Harpers), edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Frances Walcott's "Heritage of Years" (Minton, Balch), the reminiscences of an octogenarian who has seen much of lands and persons, and "Ellen Terry's Memories" which Putnam has issued in a new edition with a preface, notes, and additional chapters by Edith Craig and Christopher St. John. What happy recollections you might awake in some of the oldest of your friends with Richard Lockridge's "Darling of Misfortune" (Century), a volume in which Edwin Booth once again walks the boards. And the stirrings of an old curiosity, fed on rumors that were rife during her occupancy of the White House, might lend special interest to their reading of Carl Sandburg's "Mary Lincoln" (Harcourt, Brace), a book in which for the first time to our knowledge the pitiful facts concerning Mrs. Lincoln's mental unbalance are set forth with sustaining evidence. Doubtless, these friends of yours in whom is " some smack of age, some relish of the saltness of time," would get much pleasure from reading "The Life of George Eliot" (Dutton), by Emily and Georges Romieu, and having read that, would find special interest in "The Letters of Mrs. Gaskell and Charles Eliot Norton" (Oxford University Press), a small volume of vivacious intimate correspondence, in the course of which Mrs. Gaskell calls Norton's attention to the "Scenes of Clerical Life" which she has discovered in *Blackwood's,* and which she urges him to read though she has "not a notion who wrote them."

But what reason to suppose that your aged or elderly friend has tired of fiction? None in the world, and there are novels to be had that should make appeal to those whose interest is naturally much in the past. We're quite sure that Dorothy Whipple's "Greenbanks" (Farrar & Rinehart), would please at least the feminine section of your elderly group, with its serenity and kindliness and its lovely sketch of a grandmother. And the men and women both who remember a New York far different from the present would no doubt be interested in the still earlier city portrayed in Manuel Konroff's "A New York Tempest" (Coward-McCann), which is murder story and history at once. So, too, the near proximity of their youth to a generation which fought the Civil War would give them an added interest in Leonard Ehrlich's "God's Angry Man" (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Ehrlich's story of John Brown is an unusual first novel, vigorous, dramatic, and at times compelling in its emotional intensity. Finally, we think we'll put two books concerned with the American Indian in this group, "Sitting Bull" (Houghton Mifflin), by Stanley Vestal, and "Wah' Kon-Tah" (University of Oklahoma Press), by John Joseph Mathews, the last an account of the Osage tribe. Oh, yes, by way of good measure, we'll add Carlton Beals's "Porfirio Diaz" (Lippincott).

"The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept" *in our program until now.* (Slept! Ah, happy word. "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow" how we shall welcome slumber at unwonted hours.) But back to our lawyers, or rather, your lawyers. Here's a list for them, cunningly chosen, we think, to afford them both enlightenment and diversion, without casting upon them matter which is in the direct field of their pursuits. Alas! No sooner said than it must be unsaid, for certainly "Hold Your Tongue" (Morrow), by Morris L. Ernst and Alexander Lindey, an exposition of what constitutes libel and slander, falls in the legal territory, though it is written for lay consumption. We'll let it stand, though it is elementary for the lawyer. We'd give him, however, with certainty in his interest in the problems with which it deals, Walter Lippmann's "Interpretations" (Macmillan), and with equal confidence that history engages his attention, James Truslow Adams's "The March of Democracy" (Scribner's) and Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" (Scribners). He's the man *par excellence,* for the Crime Club's story by Francis Iles, "Before the Fact" (though who that loves a horror story isn't?) Here's a book that is rousing the critics to extravagant enthusiasm, and that is warranted to send chills of horror down the most stiff-backed individual. It's a psychological thriller, the tale of a *born murderer, whose character and* deeds are slowly unfolded. We read it with fascinated attention, thought the first half admirable, the second less good, and the end rubbish. We understand that the sexes are split as to the conclusion. Yet we're not prepared to state that its author is not a woman. Francis Iles, you see, is a pseudonym.

As an antidote to the foregoing tale we recommend that you send to your lawyer friend "The Seal in the Bedroom" (Harpers), by John Thurber, a volume of delightful humorous drawings. And, oh yes, since the poor man, like all of his ilk, is likely to be overworked and in the course of time will have to take a vacation, give him Hudson Strode's "Bermuda" (Smith & Haas), a spiritedly written, superbly illustrated, and highly informative volume on "the still vexed Bermoothes."

So that's the lawyer. And now the man whose interest is in battle and martial adventure. For him General Peyton C. March has "come to open The purple testament of bleeding war" in his account of "The Nation at War" (Doubleday, Doran). So, too, is there authoritative material of high value for him in "The Personal Memoirs of Joffre" (Harpers). If he would read of older battles than those he himself so lamentably knew send him Ulrich Wilcken's excellent life of Alexander the Great (Dial), or G. P. Baker's "Charlemagne" (Dodd, Mead), or Hilaire Belloc's "Napoleon" (Lippincott). Coming nearer to our own times, there is to be had a volume which should be of interest to every American, whether his taste run to military history or not, in Lloyd Lewis's "Sherman: Fighting Prophet" (Harcourt, Brace), the first part of which presents a fascinating portrayal of the Ohio of the first half of the last century and the second a vivid record of the Civil War years.

If your friend would have annals of exploits growing out of war, by all means give him Francis Yeats-Brown's "Bloody Years" (Viking), one of the most absorbing narratives of true adventure we have read in years, and to us no less interesting than its author's earlier "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." If he would have a chronicle of an arm of the service which possibly was his, send him "Wings Over Poland" (Appleton), by Kenneth M. Murray, an account of the Kosciusco Squadron. As for fiction, why not bestow on him that powerful tale of a mighty warrior of old, "Josephus" (Viking), by Lion Feuchtwanger. And it strikes us, too, that perhaps Galsworthy's new novel, "The Flowering Wilderness" (Scribners), would be a good choice for him. Of it Galsworthy might say, "Well, honor is the subject of my story." It's a conception of honor, however, which has a peculiarly English twist, and rings somewhat strange in American ears. Well, that ends the list for your friend of the military proclivities. No, wait. "Out of this nettle, danger, I pluck the flower, safety." How about letting him see how gentle means can sometimes effect as much as force, by giving him the life of William Penn (Houghton Mifflin), by Bonamy Dobree, and Arthur Pound's "The Penns of Pennsylvania and England" (Macmillan)?

Heavens, but we make haste slowly. And the night wears on. We'll take our next stretch at a gallop. Here's for your friend of the literary and critical mind: "Sketches in Criticism" (Dutton), by Van Wyck Brooks; "Selected Essays" (Harcourt, Brace), by T. S. Eliot; "The Second Common Reader" (Harcourt, Brace), by Virginia Woolf, a volume of literary estimates; "Experience and Art" (Smith & Haas), by Joseph Wood Krutch, for your thoughtful reader who is willing to work for what he gets; "The Letters of Jane Austen" (Oxford University Press), edited by R. W. Chapman; "Samuel Butler" (Viking), by Clara Gruening Stillman; "The Letters of D. H. Lawrence" (Viking), "Sir Walter Scott" (Coward-McCann), by John Buchan; "Charlotte Brontë (Longmans, Green), by E. F. Benson; "The Great Victorians" (Doubleday, Doran), edited by H. J. and Hugh Massingham, a collection of essays on figures, literary and non-literary, of the Victorian period, "Reading, Writing and Remembering" (Harpers), by E. V. Lucas, "My Friendly Contemporaries" (Macmillan), by Hamlin Garland, and "The Journal of Arnold Bennett" (Viking), the second of an ultimate three volumes. No writer who would know something of the habits and background of one of the leading novelists of his day, and no reader who would gain insight into the creative mind at work, can afford to miss reading this last book at least in part.

Naturally from the man or woman with a literary turn of mind, we turn to the one who is a lover of poetry. For him we would recommend our own *Saturday Review's* William Rose Benét's (how we get mixed up with our apostrophes) "Rip Tide" (Duffield & Green). It ill becomes a family to praise its own members, so we go no further than to say that Mr. Benét's story in verse shows the metrical skill, the nice and effective use of poetic epithet, the beauty of line and richness of fancy to be expected of its author, together with a dramatic handling of its material that could not so surely have been foretold. While we're on the subject of *Saturday Review* editors, we'll tuck in a reference to that other volume by one of them on which modesty bids us be silent. We merely wish to remark that Christopher Morley's "Human Being" (Doubleday, Doran), which was published serially in the Bowling Green, is to be had now in book form. And though we say it who shouldn't, the serial form was ill adapted to display the quality of what is a fine, brooding novel, salted with humor and pathos.

We've strayed away from the poets, and recommendations of books for those who love them. To resume. There's Georges Lafourcade's fine life of Swinburne (Morrow), which you might send to a friend, "John Clare" (Oxford University Press), by J. W. and Anne Tibble, Leonard Bacon's "The Furioso" (Harpers), a narrative portrayal of that most romantic personality of contemporary Italy, d'Annun-

(*Continued on page* 312)

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

GIRAFFE EATING ELEPHANT

AND, as a matter of fact, I like giraffes. But adventuring in *An Anthology of the Younger Poets,* edited by Oliver Wells, with a preface by Archibald MacLeish; published in Philadelphia by the Centaur Press, and distributed by Madeleine Boyd at 48 East 49th Street, New York City,—has been a rather bewildering experience. . . .

There is good stuff of poetry in this book, there are some good single poems,—such as the poems of George Dillon. There are many fantastic experiments. There is a great deal that seems as if it might have been written by any one of a number of the contributors, interchangeably. There are occasional phrases of a wild felicity. There is much disconnected musing ending in reflections of little import. Much music is susceptible of a variety of interpretations, and much of this poetry is such music. There are a great many words scattered about like uncut gems. The main resource of the poets seems to be the love embrace, though even that pleasure has its dubiety, beset as they are by introspection. . . .

But first comes Archibald MacLeish, one of the best of our younger poets—though not so young as these—with a

SUDDEN DISILLUSIONMENT OF THE PAGAN POET OF YESTERYEAR IN REGARD TO THE CEREBRAL POET OF TODAY.
Drawn by William Rose Benét.

thesis. It is a thesis that the poets themselves seem to pay no attention to. I am in doubt about the validity of what he says. I am a mugwump. I am a Spiridion—but that character is out of a now forgotten book. Anyway, I cannot make up my mind. Neither can many of these poets. A good many of them are still in the wasteland. . . .

MACLEISH'S DICTA

But let me see. MacLeish says that poetry owes somebody (who or why he does not know) the debt of creating an image of mankind in which men can *again believe.* We *must also* celebrate "that which has happened always to all men, not the particular incidents of particular lives." Well, suppose we take those asseverations for a starter. Is it disgustingly philistine of me to say that in my poor view the poets, as well as other kinds of writers, have always been trying to create an image of mankind in which they, at least, believed? Nor has it usually been the image of mankind in which the man-in-the-street believed. And what are those things which have always happened to all men? A pat answer that occurs to me is this catalogue: Birth, Love, Marriage, Death. Well, at least, all men have been born, all men have died; most have loved, some have married. Unless I am gravely mistaken, poets have for centuries written about these things until some of us have, indeed, got rather sick of it. Then those "particular incidents of particular lives." Again, merely in my own view, those are the only things that make literature at all interesting. Remove them, and what have you? You haven't even the panorama of Mankind, which is simply an enormous aggregation of the particular incidents of particular lives. But the point Mr. MacLeish is making is that the industrialization of our society has ended individualism, whether we know it or not. Yet I wonder in just what happy state the individual wasn't dependant upon society for his bread-and-butter? If we descend to the plane of economics, my private belief is that the rampant individualism of the capitalistic system has almost shaken it to pieces. We can't go on for long on the old basis. But however the system is patched up, or even under a brand-new system like communism—about which I have grave doubts—the individual will not be destroyed. He may be changed. But Mankind will never be made into a lot of robots, much like robots as many of them are now. Mr. MacLeish is as little like a robot as anyone I know. Well. . . .

RETURN TO THE ELEPHANT

We are all to go in for celebrating Mankind, under the new dispensation. Are we? What do the newest poets do, as they pass before me in this anthology. They don't do anything of the kind. They do much what their predecessors did, present their private emotions and intellectual processes. The only difference I can see is that they rather vaunt their obscurity, the extreme subtlety of their comment on life. I don't for a minute believe they are as subtle as all that. I think they do not—most of them—express themselves as clearly as they should. I think a good many of them talk jargon and deal in cant. The upshot of what they have to say is nothing very stirring, though they use sometimes amusing and sometimes quite beautiful words and phrases and paragraphs in saying it. But they don't seem to see Mankind, that elephant, mountainous against the stars. They seem to be listening to a bee in an orchard, admiring some lady-love's anatomy (or disparaging it—poor girl!), or painting impressionistic pictures of this and that, or saying what dishwater they think life is after all. The late MacKnight Black is the only one who seems to have greatly admired machines (in tune with our industrial age.) Kay Boyle seems to me the only one who gives us even a fragment of perspective upon the contemporary scene, in "A Statement." Frances Frost gives us good honest-to-God nature poetry. But certainly she isn't the first poet who has written beautifully of mountains and chipmunks, of foxes and waterfalls. A good deal of this poetry is finely sensuous, as it should be,—very little of it presents any logical processes of thought. Should it? I don't know. There *has* been some rather keen thinking done by poets in the past, without injury to the poetry. But if we are here to think of Mankind and to pray God every night by our downy beds please, please to save us from being nasty little individuals—well, the giraffe of individual caprice has completely eaten up the elephant of humanitarianism in this volume. I have, indeed, never seen individual caprice caper a gayer fandango. I can't even see the tip of the elephant's trunk waving out of the giraffe's mouth!

SHALL WE QUOTE?

Maybe it is unfair to quote. Maybe it is unfair not to quote. For instance, I open the book again at random, having sat over it already for several hours. Says Marion Barker:

My heart will sing, forgetting, and be gay,
Without a yesterday, or a tomorrow.

Marion, I'm afraid you're not very public-spirited. Sings Robert Brittain:

Which art from everlasting
Unto everlasting
Which art in heaven
May it be, may
It be.

But I can't believe Robert wants back that old-time religion that we are all through with!

George Dillon says beautifully:

God knows I am married to her whatever
I said,
And you are a dream, and I am dreaming
all this.
I shall wake to her wild kiss,
Her breasts of granite, her thighs of wind
instead.

That is real poetry, even though it is the sort of thing that makes any nice girl cry her eyes out; but it's all about how the poet loves the earth, simply the earth, who "will bring every lover to her bed." You can be sure that, actually, the poet wouldn't be willing to consummate nuptials with the earth until he had pretty well exhausted a lot of fun that comes before the grave. But that's the way he feels at the time. However, he's not giving a darn about Humanity when he says it. He's thinking of himself.

what were the words
I might have said to you
to make the evening splendid
with a flare

remarks R. Ellsworth Larsson. Thinking of an individual, of course; sending a pneumatique in Paris! Take George Whitsett:

Mice bite when ghostly steeples dream,
When laggard streams are mulled in sleep.
But light is bright to eyes of mice.
It is a chill.
It solemnizes, and is still.

I like that part about the mice. It is vivid. I can see them in the moonlight. But I can't see them as a great symbol for Humanity.

RENEGADE POETS

Those excerpts are unfair, because they do not reveal to you all the beauties of this book, and there are considerable beauties in it in spite of considerable nonsense; and sometimes even nonsense is beautiful. The editor has made a most catholic selection from the work of certain of the newer poets. A few of them are already pretty-well established names. Others are interesting as experimentalists. And perhaps there is no reason to ask that their performance bear out Mr. MacLeish's initial injunction. Yet I greatly fear that no poets will ever live up to his hope for them,—about the elephant. Mr. Oliver Wells, in his own foreword, opines that because there is no present interest in poetry, the new poets are now snarling under the sofa. I shouldn't have said they were. No, I shouldn't have said that either. In fact I don't find them snarling much. It seems to me that poets snarled a lot more in the era of Carl Sandburg,—and somehow, in that era, saw Humanity-at-large as much more of a phenomenon to write home about. I don't see poetry as exactly under the sofa, either, in this present day. And this volume may mark a new beginning. If it doesn't, according to Mr. MacLeish, nothing but "a lament and a pyre" can follow the quietus Mr. T. S. Eliot put on poetry when he published "The Wasteland," by rounding out a period with a full stop. . . .

A thesis is an interesting thing to develop. But, somehow, I don't believe poets should bother with them. I believe they should go to, and write as good verse as they know how, if only to keep them out of worse things, such as being politicians. Wel'—apparently they do. I'm all for it. And all for their working hard at their trade and learning to clarify, and clarify, and—for God's sake!—*clarify!*

Books to Give for Christmas

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William Rose Benét

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Mary Lamberton Becker

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Henry S. Canby

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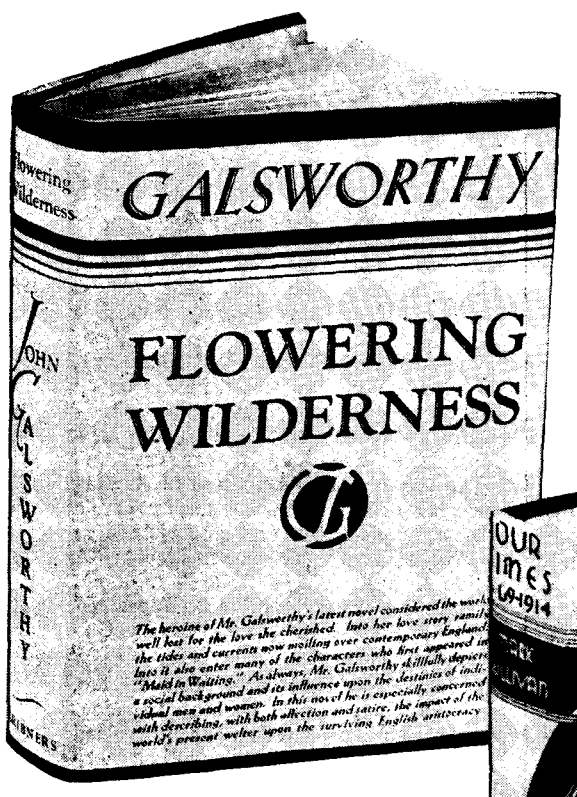

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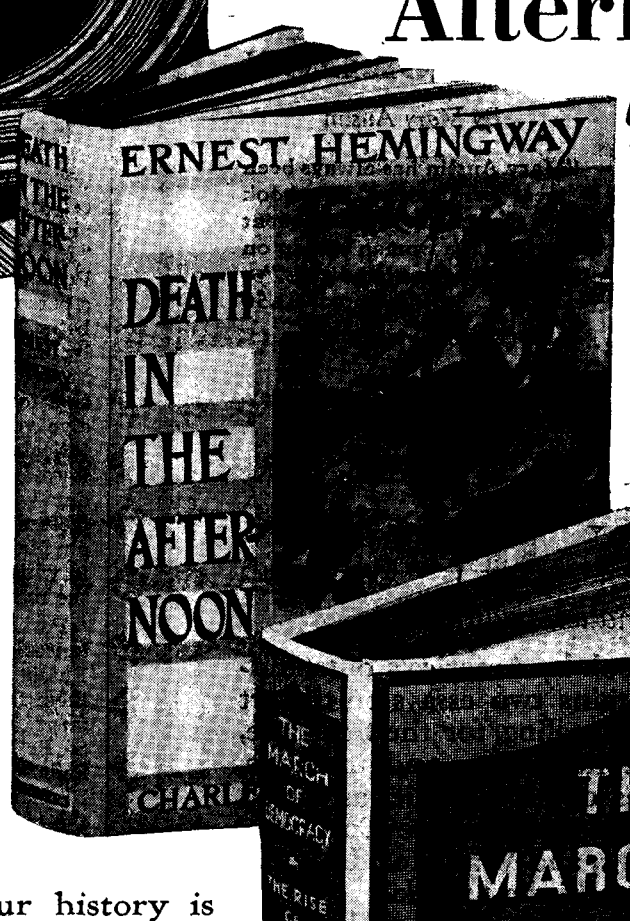

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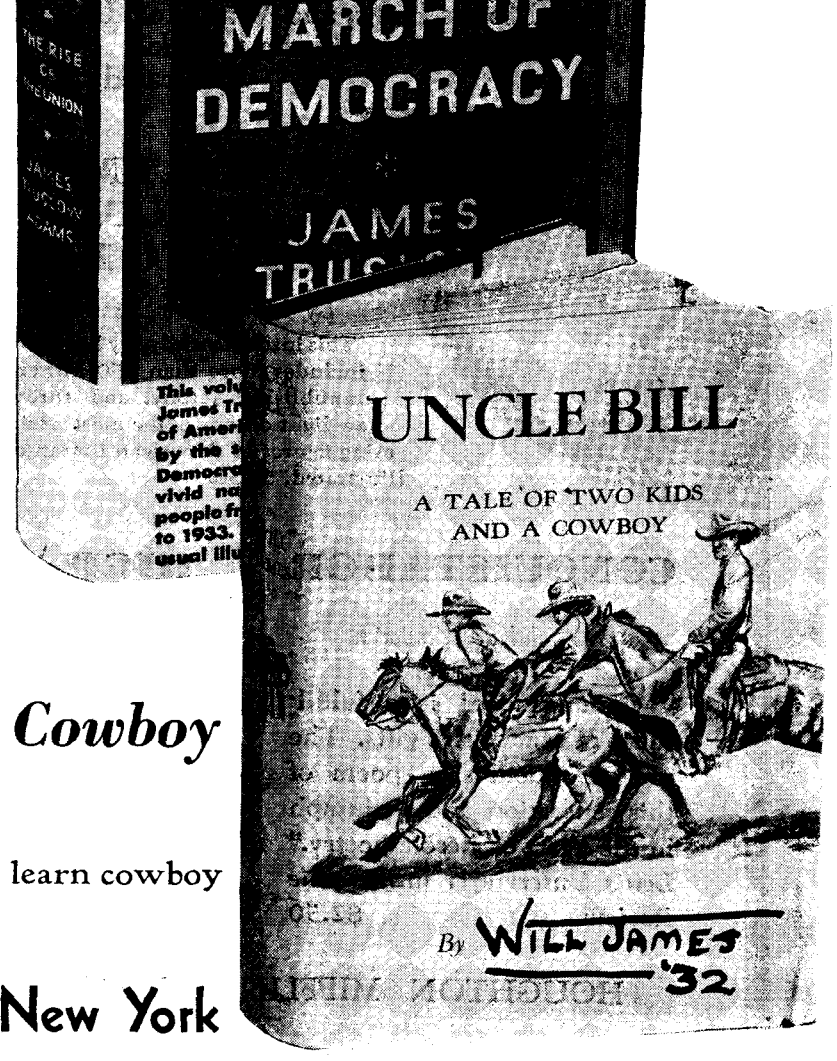

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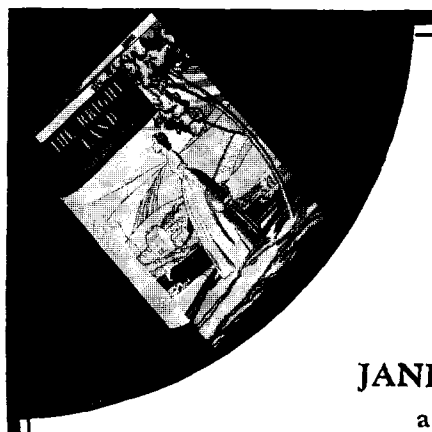

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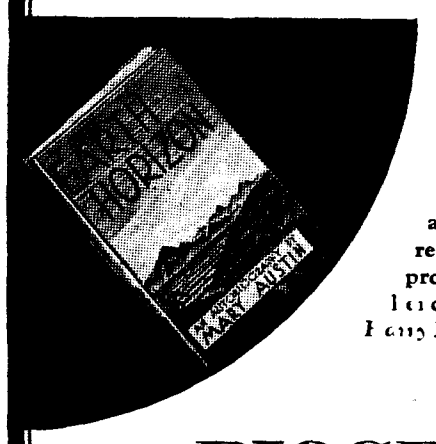

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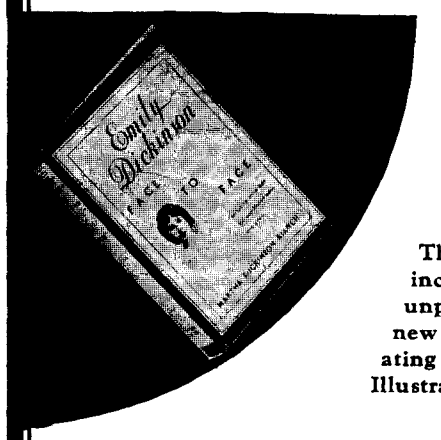

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Books for Christmas

(*Continued from page* 308)

zio, the "Poems" of T. S. Eliot (Harcourt, Brace), and "American Poets" (Little, Brown), edited by Mark Van Doren. We have a novel for you, too, for your friend the poetry lover, Rose Macaulay's "The Shadow Flies" (Harpers). It's a touching tale, and we've chosen it because one of its principal characters is Robert Herrick. (Would that we were gathering rosebuds instead of writing this list. But fine words butter no parsnips, so back to our labors.)

For no logical reason we seem to have arrived at the group of persons who may be presumed to be particularly interested in history. There's rich pasturage for them, strangely enough, in fiction. Oh, of course, you might begin by showing proper respect for their hobby by sending George Macaulay Trevelyan's "England Under Queen Anne" (Longmans, Green), or Arthur Styron's "The Three Pelicans" (Smith & Haas), an imaginative biography with Archbishop Cranmer for its central figure, or Herbert Gorman's "The Scottish Queen" (Farrar & Rinehart), who, of course, is the ill-fated Mary, or Henry Dwight Sedgwick's "The Black Prince" (Bobbs-Merrill), or the latest volume of the "Memoirs of Prince von Bülow" (Little, Brown), which covers the years 1849-1897. Having thus established yourself on a solid footing, you might insinuate into the more sober selection for your friend one of the following novels: "The Cat Who Saw God" (Morrow), by Anna Gordon Keown, a delightful fantasy which, to be sure, is least good in the portion which leads us to place it in the historian's basket—the reincarnation in the cat of the Emperor Nero—but which even in that portion has some excellent satire; "A Yankee Rover" (Simon & Schuster), by Christopher Ward; "The Tudor Wench" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), under which title lurks no less a personage than the future Queen Elizabeth; "Royal Flush" (Harcourt, Brace), by Margaret Irwin, the story of the favorite sister of Charles II who was married to the Duke of Orleans. Finally we give you, not at all because it is a historical novel, which it isn't, but because it revives the atmosphere of a vanished day when knights were both bold and picturesque, Booth Tarkington's "Wanton Mally" (Doubleday, Doran), a volume in which Mr. Tarkington has returned to the manner of "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Perhaps some among your acquaintances are particularly interested in Russia. If so, you can choose your gift for them from among "Russia: A Social History" (Century), by D. S. Mirsky, "U. S. S. R. Russia" (Century), by Theodore Seibert, and Trotzky's "History of the Russian Revolution" (Simon & Schuster), the second volume of which, recounting the triumph of the Soviets, has recently appeared. Or, if their interest lies rather in the adventures which befell the Russian exiles than in the events within their former country, there is "A Princess in Exile" (Viking), a volume in which the Grand Duchess Marie continues the chronicle begun in "The Education of a Princess," and Catherine, Princess Radziwill's "It Really Happened" (Dial), an account of another courageous emigrée's experience in New York.

Suddenly there occurs to us the titles of two books we intended to mention some time ago and which somehow slipped our memory. We hasten to insert them here, lest by some accident we leave them out and thereby slight two volumes which we found particularly good reading. The first is Mary Austin's "Earth Horizon" (Houghton Mifflin), the autobiography of a remarkable woman, of a personality which has found expression in a passionate interest in whatever is natively American. The second is Edith Hamilton's "The Roman Way" (Norton), an illuminating and fascinating presentation of the ancient Roman as he appears through his literature. That friend must be difficult, indeed, who would not find interest in either of these books.

We had intended to pass on gracefully from the subject of Russian books to that of writings on other foreign lands. But then came our sudden remembrance (and remembrance reminds us not to forget to mention that the last volume of Proust's "Remembrance of Past Things" [Boni] has recently been published. That's an aside, however, and not a prelude to the list of books for any one who may be interested in reading of international matters.) Here's the list: "Thunder in Their Veins" (Century), by Leone B. Monts, a lively chronicle of life in Mexican parts; "Just the Other Day" (Harpers), by John Collier and Ian Long, a work which its authors frankly admit is modeled on Frederick Allen's "Only Yesterday" and which, together with E. F. Benson's "As We Are" (Longmans, Green), furnishes a picture of contemporary England; "Problems of the Pacific, 1931" (Century), edited by Bruno Lasker; "The Discovery of Europe" (Dutton), by Paul Cohen-Portheim, author of "England, the Unknown Isle," a writer who was just coming to the favorable attention of American readers when death interrupted his labors; "Nationalism and Imperialism in the Hither East" (Harcourt, Brace); "A Guide through World Chaos" (Knopf), by G. D. H. Cole, and "Not to Be Repeated" (Long & Smith), a sort of "Merry-Go-Round" of Europe.

There's a considerable list of novels, too, from which it should be easy to select something for an internationally minded friend who enjoys fiction as well as more literal studies of foreign peoples. In this category we put such works as Erich Kastner's "Fabian" (Dutton), which plays in Germany; Ann Bridge's "Peking Picnic" (Atlantic Monthly Press), Arnold Zweig's "Young Woman of 1914" (Viking), which is part of his "Sergeant Grischa" series, Pearl Buck's "Sons" (Day), a tale of the War Lords of China, and Lady Murasaki's "The Lady of the Boat" (Houghton Mifflin), the fifth volume of the beautiful "Tale of Genji."

Long ago, when we were presenting suggestions for gifts to the lovers of history we had it in mind to follow that list with another for persons more specifically interested in politics. But we forgot it, and now—just as we were about to begin on the artists—we find it confronting us. We'll let the followers of the arts wait a while. "More matter and less art," as it were. Here's for the man who would read of problems of government and public policy and those who are responsible for their handling. The books need little but their titles to recommend them: "Beveridge and the Progressive Era" (Houghton Mifflin), by Claude Bowers, to which might well be added John Chamberlain's "Farewell to Reform" (Liveright), a study of the same period; "John Quincy Adams" (Little, Brown), by Bennett Champ Clark, son of a noted Speaker of the House; "Talleyrand" (Harpers), by Duff Cooper; "Lenin" (Appleton), by James Maxton, one of the new Appleton biographies; "Metternich" (Century) by Arthur Herman; "Grover Cleveland" (Dodd, Mead), by Allan Nevins, which we found one of the most interesting biographies we have read in a period of reading many biographies; "More Merry-Go-Round" (Liveright), and "Revolt of the Masses" (Norton), by Jose Ortega y Gasset, a book well worth careful study. By way of injecting a little merriment into our list we insert "The Plays and Poems of W. S. Gilbert" (Random House). Surely they have earned their inclusion through the fun they poke at politicians and statesmen.

We take it for granted that among your friends are some whom it would please to receive a volume of scientific import. Why not give them one of the following: "What Is Science?" (Century), by Julian Huxley and a group of fellow workers who have brought science within the scope of the radio audience; "Man's Rough Road" (Stokes), by A. G. Keller, an interesting and important book; "The Scientific Basis of Evolution" (Norton), by Thomas Hunt Morgan; "Antony van Leeuwenhoek" (Harcourt, Brace), by Clifford Dobell, and "Men against Death" (Harcourt, Brace), by Paul de Kruif?

We knew we'd do it if we allowed ourself to be deflected,—forget the books, we mean, which ought to rejoice any properly minded artistic soul on Christmas. Of course, by the artistic soul we mean one whom the drama and music as well as painting delights. For such a one choice can be made from among such volumes as Feodor Chaliapin's record of a great singer's experiences in "Man and Mask" (Knopf), Hans Reisinger's "Restless Star" (Century), a biography of Wagner during the Dresden period, and Guy de Pourtalès's "Wagner" (Harpers); Archibald Henderson's "Bernard Shaw—Playboy and Prophet" (Appleton), Sir William Rothenstein's "Men and Memories" (Coward-McCann)—The worst has happened. We have reached the bottom of our page and our list is far from its conclusion. We break off abruptly, to resume next week.

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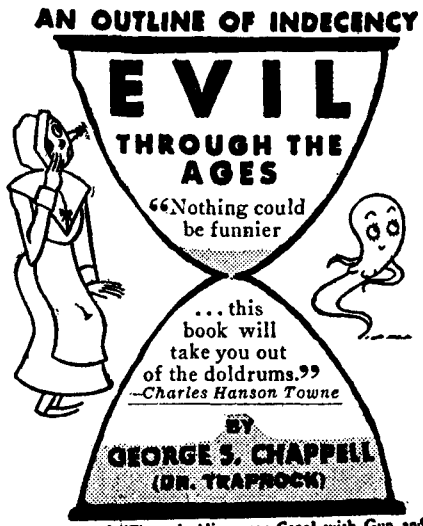

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Points of View

"Stories of God"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR: It is extremely difficult for one of vague mind to say anything about the God of Herr Rilke.* The fabulous truths which he serves with such delicate, such adorable simplicity leave only a faint but slightly maddening flavor in the mouth which I can't describe. And some of it—the first story for example—where the star fell out of heaven and hit the terrier on the head . . . seems silly and meaningless. Perhaps the fault is the translator's. Whatever the reason, the stories are hard to understand. I felt as though I were perilously near the brink of something frightfully significant but somehow I never quite edged far enough to peer over. No, I don't like the first story at all. My dull wit wants its allegory rounded and perfect. It does not want St. Nicholas slamming the door of heaven in God's face.

The second tale is nearly clear and it contains this command which God gave to his right hand "You are to go down to earth . . . As soon as you arrive below, go to a young woman and say to her, but quite softly: I want to live. At first there will be a little darkness about you and then a great darkness, which is called childhood."

God does not know man, says Herr Rilke, because he dropped him unwittingly to earth unfinished. When he looked again a thousand years or a moment later he had multiplied, and clothed himself, mind and body. And mankind insists that truth likewise be clothed or partly clothed. But it does not seem strange to me that God does not know man. Because none has ever been finished. And as for naked truth . . . well. . . .

No, I can't report on the "Stories of God." I have read them twice and I will read them again but I can't tell you about them. Only listen: "Healthy people are so changeable; they look at things now from this, now from that angle, and, when you have been walking along with them on your right for an hour, they may suddenly answer you from your left, simply because it occurs to them that that is more polite and shows a more refined up-bringing."

. . . "Most of them go to fetch him (Death) from somewhere outside and carry him home on their shoulders unwittingly. For Death is lazy; if people were not always disturbing him, who knows, he might even fall asleep." "Kiev, the holy, the place where Russia first gave account of herself with four hundred church domes, sank always more into itself and consumed itself in fires that were *like sudden, lunatic thoughts behind which the night grows only more immense.*" "But they soon silently agreed to take refuge behind that polite, mediate tone which social intercourse has invented for all occasions."

P. W.

On Various Things

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I have just read my first Gissing—"The Odd Women." Bought it for ten pfennig when the American Library here decided it was too worn for further service. It was an experience. Don't grin at me, I know I'm late coming to him; it reminds me of the time in N. Y. U. when my Journalism prof, Leon Whipple, suddenly asked his Current Events class what they'd all been reading that week. One of the first questioned, I said I was just in the midst of "The Golden Age" and started to burble about it, only to be squelched by an impatient "Oh, that! of course; it's a classic." But it wasn't a classic to me, it was new and vivid and, most important to me, personally discovered just that week. People are inclined too often to forget that any classic can be thrillingly new to a young reader.

But to get back to Gissing. That book thrilled me so because all the way through I was feeling that I was reading a historical novel. The characters lived in the nineties, and that's not at all far off because my own mother was a girl there—yet the terrific gap between pre-woman suffrage days and my own time had never before been so startlingly clear to me.

One more thing I want to tell you before I quit: I've been reading the *Saturday Review* all year with painful pleasure, unable to buy the books recommended and consoling myself by the fact that many of the reviews were written more ably and delightfully than the books they criticized.

But now has come an unexpected windfall, a good chunk of which is going direct to Arthur Rogers of Newcastle. I can't resist the announcement of the third of Holbrook Jackson's Bibliomania volumes. As I wrote in ordering the book, I almost fell for a spiffy gazelle-leder jacket and skirt (which luckily cost too many marks) and finally decided, in spite of my yearning for some new clothes, that it would be more satisfying to get that Jackson book and some others now, with a small balance for some in the future. Now would you call this poetic justice or what?—because I note he has some chapters on "Bibliophily a Masculine Passion," "Women Hate Books," "Book-love contra Matrimony," etc.

HELEN GALLLAND.
München, Germany.

Authors on Salary

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: You ask "If authors were upon salaries, what would be the result?"

Authors are on salaries in Soviet Russia and no discerning friend of Russia or of literature will say that the results are happy.

With happier results, authors are also upon salaries (to a certain degree) in the Yiddish literary field. Most of the effective writers of Yiddish *belles lettres* are on the salary list of the newspapers. The reason for that is twofold. For one thing, the Jewish papers try to supply their readers with every form of literary matter and thereby practically exhaust the demand. For another, and as a corollary perhaps, the business of publishing is at such a low ebb in Yiddish that there is no hope of commercial publication for a writer except in the newspapers. One of the effects has been that in meeting the technical requirements of the newspapers, the shorter forms of fiction predominate in the literature. There are relatively few novels of merit in the Yiddish language.

There is no reason why the laborer in the literary field should not enjoy economic security. Perhaps a combination of salaries and royalties or premiums would be the best system of remuneration.

As for your implied yearning for Elizabethan, Jacobean, or Augustan quality in present day output, I can only ascribe it to fallacious ancestor worship. I am not heretical enough to deride the classics as worthless. Yet their quality must be taken with reservations as to time, locale, and the development of literature in their day. If you enjoy the patina of age, if you relish the cadence of language for language's sake, you will find them in the classics. But if you hold literature as a mirror to life, the classics distorted the image in respect to their own life and certainly as to ours. The moderns have done infinitely better in this regard.

However, this is a subject that can be debated without end, and we were talking about salaries and Marxian economic determination, weren't we?

JACOB C. RICH.
Jewish Daily Forward.

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* STORIES OF GOD. By Rainer Maria Rilke. New York: W. W. Norton and Co., $2.

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Owing to separate publishing arrangements for the United States a number of titles published in Great Britain by Jonathan Cape are available for American book buyers only in the current American editions. Jonathan Cape will send on application a checked list of his publications showing clearly what titles *are* available.

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Chinese Poetry in English

CHINESE POEMS IN ENGLISH RHYME. By Ts'AI T'ING-KAN. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by TAI JEN

THIS is a very admirable translation despite its few mistaken renderings and prosaic phrasings here and there. The neat little preface, the happy rendering of most of the poems chosen, and the many beautiful lines show the translator's good knowledge of Chinese poetry and his close acquaintance with English poetic technicalities. However, a better choice of meters would have yielded to the translator a still happier fruit for his labor.

In the preface Admiral Ts'ai says:

> In translating these poems, the rule followed was that each Chinese word be equal to one foot or two syllables in English. Thus, in the poems of five Chinese words in each line, the pentameter was used. In poems of seven words in the line, the hexameter was generally used.

First of all, the so-called hexameter employed by the translator is not hexameter in the true sense of the term but the alexandrine, the si-stress iambic verse, or the iambic hexameter, should he prefer this term. Then, if he were to follow his own rule, the septenary should have been used instead of the six-stress iambic verse for poems of seven Chinese words in each line.

Now, as the octosyllabic and the decasyllabic, or the four-stress and the five-stress, are the two outstanding meters in English, so are the five-word and the seven-word meters in Chinese; and, taking all into consideration, such as the syllable, the foot, the cæsura, the flexibility of each of these four meters, the adaptability of each to its own language, and even their history of development, they are respectively corresponding forms. To translate Chinese poems of seven words into English alexandrines is to make the original quite loose and lengthy, while to translate those of five words into the pentameter is to add to them unnecessary weight of modern artificiality at the expense of their classic naiveté and conciseness. There are times when we have to deviate from such norm meters of course. But such exceptional steps should be taken with utmost discretion and for special reasons only.

The use of heroic couplet is not very satisfactory, for its pairing unity and hammering rhyme break down the sole unity of the original quatrain. Poem number twenty in the book may serve to illustrate my points so far mentioned:

My leisure in a grove the classics lull,
Or by a stream I watch an idle gull.
The state of Ch'u has men of talents rare,
'Mong them, whose closest friendship do
you share?"

The first line can be rendered still nearer to the original by simply saying as it does in the Chinese:

In the groves the classics I have read.

The word 'idle" in the second line is not the right word here for the Chinese character "hsien," for it presents to us a less happy atmosphere instead of the gentle tone and the leisurely attitude of the poet. The word free is better, or the word leisurely, or the word listless. Moreover, the Chinese word "hsien" here has a threefold duty to fulfil: on the one hand, it presents to us the picture of the gulls in their utmost freedom; on the other, it tells us not only the carefree state of the poet's mind, but also his emphasis of it. So the poem should be rendered thus:

In the groves the classics I have read,
By the stream I face the gulls as free.
Full of bards is the state of Ch'u,
With whom fare you most frequently?

When so translated, not only is the whole quatrain more accurate and nearer to the original, and the time sequence of the first two lines clearer, but its classic naiveté and conciseness are also preserved to a great extent. One thing more, the apostrophized "'mong" in the last verse,

'Mong them, whose closest friendship do
you share?

sounds very unpleasant. Such practice should be avoided.

Henry H. Hart's "A Chinese Market" is a far inferior translation compared with that of Admiral Ts'ai. It is full of mistakes. At its best it is but a mere paraphrasing, otherwise a free play of half-digested Chinese sentiments. Let me cite an example, his translation of Wei Ying Wu's "Lines to Ch'iu Written at Night," and compare it with that of Admiral Ts'ai and that of mine:

By Huai River's swiftly flowing waters,
Where autumn leaves are falling brown
and sere,
I walk alone and commune with the
heavens,
Whose frosty stars are shining bright and
clear.

As I walk I chant an ancient folk-song;
My voice is snatched away upon the
breeze.
No sound is heard save where, upon the
hillside,
Dry cones fall thudding from the high
pine trees.

All about is silence and seclusion;
The whirlwind blows the dry leaves in a
heap.
No living thing's astir in all the village,
The day is done, the world is sunk in
sleep.
(Henry H. Hart's translation)

My thoughts are gone to thee this autumn
night,
I pace and hum beneath the cool moon-
light.
The pine-cones fall 'mid mountain silence
deep.
Art thou, my hermit friend, not yet
asleep?
(Admiral Ts'ai's translation)

To think of you becomes this night;
And pacing, I hum the autumn air.
While pine-cones thudding the wild si-
lence,
You can't be in bed, now and there.
(Tai Jen's translation)

or

Recluse, you can't be in bed there.

Any candid reader will see which of these three translations stands nearest to the original.

Gastronomer Royal

(Continued from page 307)

a best-seller, "What Every Girl Should Know Before Marriage." — The book, of course, to be a collection of recipes for home-cooking. . . . All rights reserved by Essandess. . . .

Roy Campbell, the poet from South Africa, is bringing out a bull-fighting book which he wrote before Hemingday's. . . . Perhaps he will call it "Death In the Late Afternoon." . . .

(. . . Time out while we pass the Azores: what a rock-shivering sight in the midst of this watery world!)

. . . [Two hours later] . . . The flight from London to Paris was Ripleyesque: 35 passengers, two stewards, one captain, and one assistant pilot on our plane, "The Horatius." . . . But except for starting and stopping (on the nose!) an un-exhilarating journey, above clouds all the way, nothing to see, nothing to feel — a good chance to relax and slumber. . . . Cost: about fourteen dollars — much cheaper than the Golden Arrow, and infinitely faster. . . .

Heard the election returns, and celebrated the defeat of ragged individualism, with Max Eastman and Ileana in Paris. . . . High jubilee. . . . Did Max tell you about his experience in a Spanish dungeon: it was due either to a passport mistake or fear that he had translated Trotsky's History of the Russian Revolution too well. . . . Nevertheless Max stoutly maintains that Spain is the most civilized country in Europe, *because the people are happiest*. . . . Frank Schoonmaker gave me a pre-view of his new guidebook on France by taking me through the by-way of Paris—and his own wine-cellar—in the grand manner. . . .

From Paris I went down to the Riviera and visited Frank Scully at Villa Variety. . . . He threw a big "Fun In Bed" party in a little peasant tavern, with native music. . . . It was a terrific success. . . . Dancing and miscellaneous whoopee, with Kay Boyle, Ethel Mannin, Edward Hope, Unity Pegues, and a happy assortment of grand dukes, princesses, and other word-operators celebrating the publication of Frank's book in high merriment. . . . I liked the sign on the door: "It is recommended not to write on the walls, and to respect the furniture." . . . The view over the Mediterranean and the Alps is incomparably lovely. . . .

Caught the *Roma* at Villefranche, for Naples (yes, I heard "O Sole Mio" and saw where Caruso was born, and where he died), Gibraltar and home. . . . The sunny way to return — what serenity, what solitude, what music all the way of a ten-day voyage!

I would have written you a shorter letter if I had had more time. M. L. S.

Literary thought in the Control Room of a Broadcasting Station: I noticed particularly the Studio Mixers, the Microphone Faders, and the Master Attenuator. All these have their analogies among Authors. Also the board of brightly-colored plugs.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Mr. Clifford Bax," says the London *Observer*, "touches on a real difficulty in his suggestion that some parts of Shakespeare should be rewritten in modern English, 'so that everyone can understand them.' Undoubtedly the language has drifted far from where it was in 1600, and is drifting further away every day, and even though the traffic of the stage makes clear much that is obscure in the letter there is still a widening gap between the audience and the poet. And yet, how can Shakespeare be 'rewritten' when the most precious thing is just the magic of the language? To paraphrase, however exactly, is to remove the one thing that makes Shakespeare Shakespeare. What is the use of 'understanding' 'Make me a willow cabin at your gate' if you change the 'loyal cantons of contemnéd love' and 'the babbling gossip of the air'? In so much of Shakespeare the meaning lies just in the way the words are put: change them, like the colors on a canvas, and there is nothing left that matters."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

JOHN SEVIER PIONEER OF THE OLD SOUTHWEST. By CARL S. DRIVER, University of North Carolina Press. 1932. $4.

Professor Driver has written the life of Nolachuky Jack in a book splendidly printed and bound, with an excellent bibliography and a particularly well done index. It is a rare pleasure today to find a book making such liberal use of the vast Draper collections in Wisconsin. The work is a valuable one. But how, after the stirring first page, the author contrived to tell the story of that melodramatic life and time quite so soberly is a mystery. There was more to the founding of Tennessee than politics and land-speculation, as Professor Driver implies and then seems to forget. It is a misfortune to have scholarly work like this so tedious. Publishers make it an argument for printing slapdash work more likely to be popular.

Furthermore, a biography of Sevier should definitely face the issue of Sevier's atrocities against the Indians. As Roosevelt has said, "He was a member of the Cincinnati, a correspondent of Franklin, a follower of Washington . . . [and] he sank to the level of a lieutenant of Alva, Guise, or Tilly." What was the full truth about this?

THE RISE OF SAINT CALVIN. By DUFF GILFOND. Vanguard. 1932. $2.50.

That Calvin Coolidge has become a legendary figure in American history is itself becoming a legend, accepted by a not too perspicacious public and capitalized by journalists. The astute and monosyllabic Yankee who rose to White House eminence and then knew when to quit is a figure to conjure with, and a book which appears to offer something new and hitherto unrevealed concerning him is reasonably certain to attract the attention of a fair number of the curious and the credulous.

That this book fails to present the essential Coolidge is a fairly safe assertion. One cannot escape the suspicion that it presents a false or only partially true picture of the man. There is something artificial, manufactured, about its show of intimacy. The reader does not need to be a Coolidge partisan to feel that the author has taken liberties with his subject to no very good purpose. Most of the book is devoted to what purports to be the inside story of the former President's political ascent through shrewd, if not always candid, manipulations, and the author treats of backdoor politics in high places with the professional cynicism and facile omniscience of the disillusioned newspaperman.

It is not inspiring. Even if it were more convincing, more amusing, more smoothly written, the book would still be unimportant.

Fiction

THE INDIFFERENT ONES. By ALBERTO MORAVIA. Translated from the Italian by AIDA MASTRANGELO. Dutton. 1932. $2.50.

Indifference so deep and so ingrown that it has become a disease paralyzing at times and at times erupting into action that falls back into itself and into deeper and deadlier indifference,—this is the iterated and reiterated theme of Signor Moravia's brief study of contemporary Roman life. This first novel of a young man, written in the first quarter of a century, is more *fin de siécle* than anything we have had since the *Yellow Book* age. But here the fatigue, the vice, and the disillusion are not to be found in the style; they have seeped down through it to the cankered heart of the story. The style itself is hurried, realistic, of the moment, but Italian with a touch of opulence and melodrama even in its attempt at literal portrayal.

There are only five important characters in the novel and only two days pass in its telling, yet a dead world, and an ugly one, rises miasmically from its pages. A daughter and a son are the central figures. The daughter in the last pangs of her sick indifference turns without hope to the old repellent arms of her mother's lover; the son in equally urgent ennui pushes himself reluctantly and with distaste into the embrace of the mistress of his mother's lover. In the two young people the limbs move almost automatically, the spirit realizing nothing from the effort save the faint flavor that change may have in an acceptedly unchanging world. The older people still feed a little on feeling. The mother, an old incurable romantic; the lover, an old incurable realist; his other mistress, an old incurable sentimentalist. These are the sorry five that move spasmodically and futilely at the ends of the puppet-strings of jaded desires or undesire.

To read the story of these five who are without hope and without meaning is to descend into an inaction of evil contemporaneity at the greatest remove from the lively dissipation which our own young authors paint as the stigmata of the moment. Our novels of disillusion seem vibrant with life in comparison with the death-still atmosphere that hangs over this modern Roman Laokoon.

Poetry

SHIPS SPRAY. By *Sara Virginia Buckley*. Emory University, Ga.: Banner Press. $1.50.

LIPS OF MEMORY. By *Grace Adams Howard*. Emory University, Ga.: Banner Press. $1.50.

LIGHT LINES AND DEARS. By *Wilfred T. Funk*. McBride. $2. net.

ELEGY IN MEMORY OF D. H. LAWRENCE. By *Walter Lowenfels*. New York: Carrefour. $3.50.

THE SEVENTH OGRE. By *Lee Brown Coye*. Cortland, N. Y.: Privately published.

THE POT BELLIED GODS. By *Robert D. Abrahams*. Dorrance. $1.50.

IF LOVE PROVE EXACTING. By *Charlotte Blake Loring*. London: Studies Publications.

Brief Mention

Walks and Rides in Central Connecticut and Massachusetts by Chester R. Longwell and Edward S. Dana (New Haven, 1932). This book is a revision and extension of a little book well known to generations of walkers about New Haven called *The Four Rocks. With Walks and Drives About New Haven*. That book has been long out of print, and the extension of state roads and the use of the automobile have so extended the opportunity of hikers that a new and more comprehensive book seemed needed. Professors Longwell and Dana, using the themes of the old book, have written what is practically a study of the geology of the region with notes on botany, minerals, and birds, and with numerous and most interesting maps, the whole well adapted for pocket use. It is the kind of scientific guide book that every region in the United States should have. * * * A miscellaneous group of books published last week contains some unusually interesting titles. Mr. Grenfell has revised and extended his earlier autobiography to cover his later experience in Labrador and in the East. *Forty Years for Labrador*, by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, is the title of the revised edition (Houghton Mifflin, $4). * * * There is a rapidly increasing list of studies, some scholarly, some merely sensational, of the pre-jazz age when the newly rich industrialists began to spend easy money. *Glamorous Sinners*, by Frederick L. Collins (Long & Smith, $2.50), an account of the exploits of Harry Thaw and Stanford White, belongs in this group. * * * Havelock Ellis is always sure of readers and those who look for his books will welcome a series of uncollected articles, 1884-1932, called *Views and Reviews*, just published (Houghton Mifflin, $5). * * * A famous book, almost forgotten except by those who specialize in medical literature, is *The Gold-Headed Cane* by William Macmichael. This story follows the familiar pattern of the histories of a chair, or a snuffbox, or a guinea, so numerous in the 18th century, but this gold-headed cane goes from consultation to consultation and from famous doctor to famous doctor through several medical generations, and so provides brief biographies of great medical men as well as most interesting specific information as to how doctors of the early period lived and treated their patients. The first edition of 1828 is here reprinted with the original illustrations and a preface and elaborate notes by Herbert Spencer Robinson. This book is unique (Froken Press, Inc., N. Y., $3.50). * * * A letter which can very well serve as a review of Rainer Maria Rilke's *Stories of God* appears on page 314.

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Nineteen notable stories by Sinclair Lewis, William Allen White, Booth Tarkington, Hamlin Garland, etc., of paramount literary interest, but chiefly selected for their picture of the mid-western states between the covered wagon days and the airplane. Excellent for reading aloud. *Illus.* $2.50

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Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

Good for Gifts

The following brief mention of books selected from those published for children this fall will serve as a springboard, we hope, to the bewildered but enthusiastic adult who seeks the Christmas book to fit the child. Many of the books have been reviewed in previous issues, others will be discussed more thoroughly in issues to come.

May this list and the list to appear next week suggest, remind, or fortify the grown-up, according to his needs, for a delightful hour (or more, we'll wager) of choosing, when he meets the books face to face in any one of the many gay and beckoning children's book departments.

CHRISTMAS STORIES

THE CHRISTMAS NIGHTINGALE. By *Eric P. Kelly.* New York: Macmillan. 1932. $1.
Three Polish stories any one of which would be a happy read-aloud choice for a Christmas gathering.

THE BIRD BEGAN TO SING. By *Rachel Field.* Illustrated by *Ilse Bischoff.* New York: Morrow. 1932. $1.75.
A charming tale about Grandpa Schultz's carved bird and how little Hilda's coöperative efforts to make it sing brought Christmas spirit into a household.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE WOODS. By *Susan Smith.* Illustrated by *Helen Sewell.* New York: Minton, Balch. 1932. $1.50.
A warm, delightful story of Christmas in Maine.

WELCOME CHRISTMAS! By *Eleanor Graham.* Illustrated by *P. M. Ellingford.* New York: Dutton. 1932. $2.
The traditional English festival is reflected in this compilation of stories, legends, old customs, carols (without music), games, and riddles.

NURSERY VERSE AND FUN

THE LAND OF NURSERY RHYME. As seen by *Alice Daglish* and *Ernest Rhys.* Illustrated by *Charles Folkard.* New York: Dutton. 1932. $2.50.
A jolly book of the old rhymes and some new.

MOTHER GOOSE. With drawings by *Sybil Tawse.* New York: Crowell. 1932. $2.50.
The many color pictures and line drawings which distinguish this fat, English volume are attractive and of the Kate Greenaway period.

THE REAL MOTHER GOOSE: Junior Edition. Chicago: Rand McNally. 1932. $.75.
Though smaller in size and content this inexpensive edition has color pictures on practically every page and the familiar version of the rhymes which made the larger edition so very popular.

RHYMES ABOUT OURSELVES. Written and illustrated by *Marchette G. Chute.* New York: Macmillan. 1932. $1.25.
Good, simple verse about a child's world in a book made particularly distinguished by the poet-artist's skilful pen.

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN VERSES. By *A. A. Milne.* Illustrated by *E. H. Shepard.* New York: Dutton. 1932. $3.
The irresistible Christopher Robin *in toto.*

TIRRA LIRRA: Rhymes Old and New. By *Laura E. Richards.* Illustrated by *Marguerite Davis.* Boston: Little, Brown. 1932. $2.50.
Mrs. Richards's delicious and ageless nonsense verse.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

(Dog or cat devotees will have a merry time selecting their favorites from the several new and lively books about one or the other of these most personal pets. Since these books have been reviewed as a group in the previous week's issue we shall not name them again here.)

UNCLE BILL. By *Will James.* New York: Scribners. 1932. $2.
Two "kids" learn a great deal about horses, cowboys, and Western ranch life from Uncle Bill.

OLDER MOUSIE. By *Golden Gorse.* Illustrated by *Lionel Edwards.* New York: Scribners. 1932. $3.
The further adventures of the Exmoore pony, Mousie, when he strays from home to learn of circus life and caravaning before he escapes back to his master.

THE JOKER AND JERRY AGAIN. By *E. E. Helme* and *N. Paul.* Illustrated by *Cecil Aldin.* New York: Scribners. 1932. $2.75.
Another story of Moorland ponies and the boys and girls whose chief interest they are.

EXPLORING WITH BEEBE. New York: Putnams. 1932. $2.
Excellent selections for young readers from "Galapagos," "The Arcturus Adventure," and other volumes by the exploring scientist.

TWIN GRIZZLIES OF ADMIRALTY ISLAND. By *John M. Holzworth.* Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1932. $2.
The life story of two real bears who now are important citizens of the San Francisco Zoo.

ILLUSTRATION BY HELEN SEWELL FOR "THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE WOODS," BY SUSAN SMITH (MINTON, BALCH).

AT THE ZOO AND AT HOME. By *James Lindsay McCreery.* New York: Stokes. 1932. $1.75.
A guide book for all zoo enthusiasts, about the animals, their surroundings and habits, with good drawings of them in their native habitat.

For eleven year olds and younger

POLLWIGGLE'S PROGRESS. Written and illustrated by *Wilfred Bronson.* New York: Macmillan. 1932. $2.
The wonders of the frog world and how a frog, his friends and enemies get along in it. The text is amusingly clarified in pictures.

WAGTAIL. By *A. C. Gall* and *F. H. Crew.* Illustrated by *Kurt Wiese.* New York: Oxford University Press. 1932.
The story of a young frog's summer is also the scientifically accurate story of life in a fresh water pond.

APIS, THE HIVE BEE. By *Nina A. Frey.* New York: Stokes. 1932. $1.25.
The biography of Apis, the worker, reveals the remarkable organization of bee life.

MORE ABOUT MAX. By *Mabelle H. St. Clair.* Illustrated by *Lee Townsend.* New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $2.
The author of "Max, the Story of a Little Black Bear" tells more true stories about the pet who is now so big that he must learn what it is to be a bear in Yellowstone Park.

DICK AND TOM IN TOWN. By *Mark Van Doren.* Illustrated by *George Richards.* New York: Macmillan. 1932. $1.75.
Simple, direct stories about two boys and their ponies.

THE DONKEY OF GOD. By *Louis Untermeyer.* Illustrated by *James MacDonald.* New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $2.50.
A poet transcribes his Italy into lovely prose, shaped in the form of stories and legends.

NICHOLAS AND THE GOLDEN GOOSE. By *Anne Carroll Moore.* New York: Putnam. 1932. $2.
For the dreamy, fairy-tale-and book-loving boy or girl this journey of Nicholas's abroad, and into the homes of books and writers.

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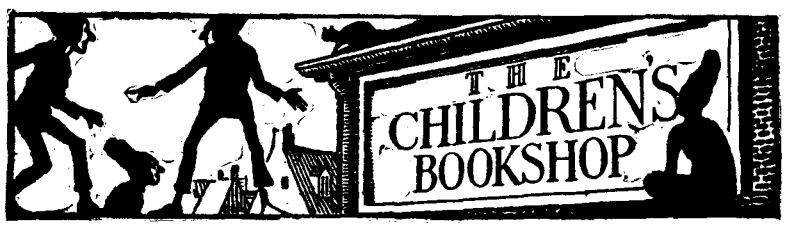

IMAGERY AND LEGEND

THE UNICORN WITH THE SILVER SHOES. By *Ella Young*. Illustrated by *Robert Lawson*. New York: Longmans, Green. 1932. $2.

There is beauty and magic in these stories about Ballor's son and his gay, zestful companions, Flame of Joy, Pooka, and Angus, "the ever young man eager for a change." The author is a poet and a scholar of Irish folklore.

CRICKET AND THE EMPEROR'S SON. By *Elizabeth Coatsworth*. Illustrated by *Wela Yap*. New York: Macmillan. 1932. $2.

A delightfully told story also by a poet about a poor, young Japanese apprentice who treasured "the written word." It was a magic scrap of paper which he picked up one day that led him to adventures and friendship with the Emperor's son.

CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS KNIGHTS. Written and illustrated by *Katherine Pyle*. Philadelpiha: Lippincott. 1932. $2.50.

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG. By *Gertrude Henderson*. Illustrated by *Gustaf Tenggren*. New York: Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

A retelling of the legends which follows the version of the Wagnerian operas.

SONS OF THE VOLSUNGS. By *Dorothy G. Hosford*. Illustrated by *Frank Dabias*. New York: Macmillan. 1932. $2.50.

An adaptation from William Morris's poem, "Sigurd the Volsung"; the Norse saga used by Wagner in "The Ring of the Nibelungs."

WHEN SPAIN WAS YOUNG. By *Frank Callcott*. Woodcuts by *Clara Skinner*. New York: MacBride. 1932. $2.50.

Spanish hero tales of the days before the Cid.

THE LION AND THE OX: An Old Arabian Story. Illustrated by *Vladimir Lebedev*. New York: Macmillan. 1932. $1.25.

A famous animal folktale with pictures by a notable Russian artist.

EVENINGS IN A GREEK BAZAAR. By *Agnes C. Vaughan*. Illustrated by *Harrie Wood*. New York: Knopf. 1932. $2.

A Turkish story teller entertains his listeners with unusual modern Greek and Oriental fairy tales.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. By *John Ruskin*. Illustrated by *Arthur Rackham*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1932. $1.50.

ILLUSTRATION BY HELEN SEWELL
FOR "THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE WOODS,"
BY SUSAN SMITH (MINTON, BALCH).

PICTURE-STORY BOOKS

THE STORY OF NOAH. Written and illustrated by *Clifford Webb*. New York: Fredrick Warne. 1932. $1.75.

Noah's Ark delightfully presented by one of the most attractive and original books of the year.

OLA. By *Ingri* and *Edagar Parin d'Aulaire*. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $2.

A finely conceived and beautiful picture book about the adventures of a small Norwegian boy.

THE MUSIC BOX. By *Clare Leighton*. New York: Longmans, Green. 1932. $2.

A well known artist charmingly pictures the havoc wrought in a quaint music box when left unwound.

WANDA GAG'S STORY BOOK. New York: Coward-McCann. 1932. $2.50.

Three favorites, "Millions of Cats," "The Funny Thing," "Snippy and Snappy" in one book.

AUNTIE. By *Maud* and *Miska Petersham*. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $2.

Stories with bright pictures about Celia Jane, Miki and dearly loved Auntie who always understood.

A LITTLE BOY WAS DRAWING. By *Roger Duvoisin*. New York: Scribners. 1932. $2.

Pictures drawn by a small boy come alive to lead him a merry chase.

JOHNNY GOES TO THE FAIR. By *Lois Lenski*. Minton, Balch. 1932. $2.

How Johnny took his pig to the fair and what happened to them there.

THE BOOK OF THE NAH-WEE. By *Carl* and *Grace Moon*. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $2.

The adventures of a little Indian boy and girl who live on the edge of the desert simply told in clear pictures and text.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE YELLOW DOG AND A LITTLE WHITE BEAR. By *Dorothy Sherrill*. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $1.

A winning and childish little book of the "Here they are" in pictures variety for the three or four year olds.

DANISH TOY OF 1860-1870.
From "Christmas Toys of Yesterday"
(The Studio).

WHAT WHISKERS DID. By *Ruth Carroll*. New York: Macmillan. 1932. $1.25.

A runaway Scottie's adventures in the woods told entirely and delightfully in pictures.

SALLY AND HER FRIENDS. By *Lena Towsley*. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Photographs of the dogs, kittens and a baby, playmates all of Peggy and Peter.

STORIES. By ????????. Illustrated by *Nura*. New York: The Beekman Hill Press. 1932.

The owner of this book is the author, for opposite each of the drawings by the brilliant artist, Nura, whose pictures have found especial favor with children, there are inviting blank pages.

STORIES FOR 8-11

TWO BOYS. By *Lincoln Fay Robinson*. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $1.50.

A very entertaining account of the fun and interests which two boys shared on a farm.

THE STREET OF LITTLE SHOPS. By *Margery Bianco*. Illustrated by *Grace Paull*. Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $1.50.

There is humor and personality and charm in these stories about the activities of a village street.

PEIK. By *Barbra Ring*. Illustrated by *Robert Lawson*. Boston: Little, Brown. 1932. $2.

A translation of a favorite Norwegian book about an orphan, a very genuine little boy, his friends and life in Oslo, and his journey to Germany.

THE RED CABOOSE WITH PEARY IN THE ARCTIC. By *Marie A. Peary*. Illustrated by *F. H. Horvath*. New York: Morrow. 1932. $1.75.

What the little red caboose saw and heard when it accompanied Commander Peary on his famous expedition to the Arctic.

THE PET ELEPHANT. Written and illustrated by *James Hull*. New York: Macmillan. 1932. $1.25.

Violet and Danny bought Eleanor a circus elephant whom even the cook came to love. Nice, solemn nonsense.

FREDDY, THE DETECTIVE. By *Walter Brooks*. Illustrated by *Kurt Wiese*. New York: Knopf. $2.

The ridiculous adventures of Freddy, the pig, who brings criminals to justice in Mr. Bean's farmyard.

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE BIG WOODS. By *Laura Ingalls Wilder*. Illustrated by *Helen Sewell*. New York: Harpers. 1932. $2.

A most satisfying and sincere book, this story of Mrs. Wilder's early childhood which vividly recreates a pioneer family living many years ago in the Wisconsin wilderness.

JUST SO STORIES. By *Rudyard Kipling*. New York: Garden City Publishing Co. 1932. $1.

A good dollar edition, O Best Beloved!

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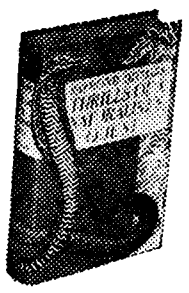

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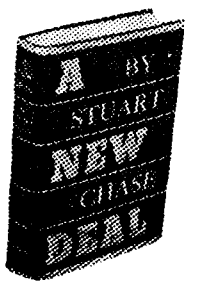

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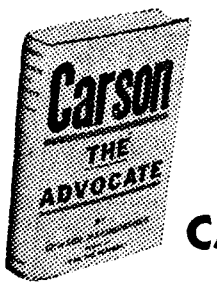

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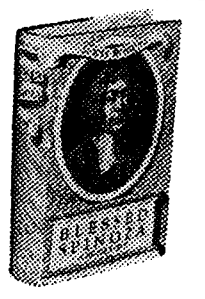

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

OUT of the fat file of letters asking advice on Christmas gifts, now being steadily answered by mail, I select for print the call of E. F., Fort Wayne, Indiana, for something for a boy who likes astronomy and modern poetry (especially the Untermeyers); a girl a little stage-struck, for whom a biography to convince her that this is a gruelling hard job is indicated; and someone much interested in stage setting.

The only objection to the works of Sir James Jeans for the first inquirer is that he may already have read "The Mysterious Universe" and "The Stars in Their Courses" (both Macmillan), so great has been their popularity, but in case he has read so far only the various introductions to astronomy — say the excellent illustrated book for boys "The Stars for Sam," by Maxwell Reed (Harcourt, Brace), or Mrs. Martin's old favorite, "The Friendly Stars" (Harper), give him both the Jeans books, beginning with the latter, which is an elementary work for radio listeners. The latest textbook is Forest Ray Moulton's "Astronomy" (Macmillan) which is for beginners.

I keep Mary Lawton's "Schumann-Heink; Last of the Titans" (Macmillans) on hand for just such uses as this young person's. It is fine for putting life into work when one feels that the world is on one's neck. If that grand old girl could go on with all this against her, you think, what is a little thing like—well, like almost anything.

The book on stage-setting is easy; not for a long while have we had anything so thoroughly satisfactory in this field as Lee Simonson's "The Stage Is Set" (Harcourt, Brace). It is at once a history and a contemporary survey of its subject, thoughtful, well-written, explicit, and putting a great many excellent illustrations at the back of a well-printed volume. I am especially grateful for so many views of stage perspectives such as I recall from my early days at the play; nothing, I think, led my mind further into magic in those days than these long, sharp, converging lines on the back-drop, those avenues of pillars making a room deeper than the Grand Central Station. Somehow I could see further away out of life by looking over the shoulder of Joshua Whitcomb at the hills in his cyclorama than by gazing out across the actual New Hampshire hills—which is all wrong, of course, but then the theatre is like that.

M. *L. Y., Cooperstown, N. Y., asks me to repeat the titles of two stories for high-school age, concerned with the times of Cæsar and Cicero.* These are "With the Eagles" and "The Slave of Catiline," both by Paul Anderson and published by Appleton. They are often asked for by my correspondents, who may be glad to know that a similar historical romance of Roman history, "The Sword of Sergestus," is now running in the high-school magazine, *The Scholastic*, to the decided approval of teachers and pupils. Interest in making this period interesting to Latin students in preparatory schools has brought out two excellent books this year: "The Roman Way," by Edith Hamilton (Norton), and "The Rise of Rome," by Gordon King (Doubleday, Doran). I do not know if Miss Hamilton's companion volume to her delightful "The Greek Way" ever had younger readers in mind, but its blend of history and humanity, its brilliant facing of that time with ours, reaches them well. Mr. King's book was meant for college or preparatory-school readers, a narrative with many heroic lives woven in; it has strong portrait pictures. While we are on the subject, a new "History of the Roman Republic," by Cyril E. Robinson of Winchester (Crowell), has just appeared; this is a scholarly work but its public is not restricted to scholars; its style is easy and its method that of recent historical literature. It should not be forgotten that W. S. Davis's standard novel "A Friend of Cæsar" (Macmillan), first published in 1900, keeps constantly coming out in new printings.

"YOU saw Emma Eames in Drinkwater's 'Mary Stuart'?" writes Earle Walbridge with admirable restraint. "Not that it matters: I quite agree with you. The late Clare Eames seemed to me one of the most endlessly interesting actresses I ever watched, and I think I saw her in everything she did here from young Princess Elizabeth with Faversham in 'The Prince and the Pauper' to the smouldering nurse in 'The Sacred Flame.' Still—what dramatic critic was reminded by her love scene with Bothwell (Thurston Hall) of the clash of two icebergs?" As for that *lapsus*, I was shocked as you were to see it in print, having bent my mind so strongly so the effort of not saying Emma. That is one of the ways not to say what you mean—to keep in mind what you are not to say.

"WHAT *would you recommend," says C. C. M., New Rochelle, N. Y., "as a compendium of knowledge for a girl of thirteen rather older than her years, quick to learn and rather imaginative, who desires it to aid her in her school work for the next four or five years?"* There are several such "compendiums," each so well-promoted and so well-received by its constituency that whenever I recommend one I receive reproachful letters from addicts of the others. "Compton's Pictured Cyclopedia" (Compton) in ten volumes, keeps well up to date, especially in science, and has interesting illustrations and an unusually convenient arrangement. The good old "Book of Knowledge" Grolier continues to charm young children; kept up by frequent overhauling it is good to have in the house for a young family on a rainy day. "The World Book" (Quarrie), often found in public libraries, has ten volumes, is arranged like the "New International Encyclopedia" and leads directly to its use. The "New Champlin Cyclopedia for Young Folks" (Holt) has two large volumes on "Persons" and "Places and Events" that have been completely revised and brought up to date. "Harper's Book of Facts" (Harper) is a large single volume covering science, literature, and art.

The book I myself prefer, however, gives more attention to knowledge than to data; it has been lately published in England and has reached us so far only in scattered copies; it was brought out by Victor Gollancz this fall. "An Outline for Boys and Girls," edited by Naomi Mitchison, is the work of a staff of specialists attending to twenty-three aspects of science, civilization, and values: there is an opening chapter "How to Read This Book" that is a model of its kind in method and manner. A good point is to show each specialist in a portrait and character-sketch, thus leading the young reader to take a certain preliminary interest in him. The book would be for older children in America than in England; education, taking it by and large, goes deeper there and over a smaller surface; a child is more likely to be given no more ground than he can actually cultivate. How they can get this book out in London for eight-and-six I can't see, but so it is, a lovely piece of bookmaking, monotype set, with clear, clean woodcuts, 916 pages of it.

S. *L. H., Indiana, asks for novels with a German setting to add to the program of a reading circle.* These begin, as far as I am concerned, with the long-awaited "Young Woman of 1914" (Viking), Arnold Zweig's companion-piece to "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." Not so long as that masterpiece of war fiction and only an interlude in the action of his "work in progress," the pattern of this study of love in wartime brings it nearer the old definition of a novel. Staunch readers of "Grischa" will not be surprised to find it end with a wedding and begin in a maternity hospital, reversing the order preferred by many reading circles. "Peace Broke Out," by Heinz Liepmann (Smith & Haas), takes place in the mad days when the mark lost its meaning. "Storm Over Essen," by Hans Marshwatza (International), is in the Ruhr during the general strike of 1923; "Barricades in Berlin," by Klaus Neukranz (International), in the street-fighting of May Day, 1929. "The Great Gulf," by Erich Ebermayer (Appleton), is the chasm to be crossed in present University life by shell-shocked war veterans and post-war young men. "Luxury Liner," by Gina Klaus (Long & Smith) was one of those large-scale popular successes in Germany of the sort that started "Grand Hotel" around the world.

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Second Issue

AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. Bibliographic Check Lists of the Works of 146 American Authors. Revised and Enlarged. Edited by Merle Johnson. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1932. $10.

IT is three years since Mr. Johnson's "American First Editions" originally appeared in an edtion of one thousand copies which were quickly absorbed by the collector and by the rare and general second-hand booktrade. It deservedly became a craft Bible, not because it was a *tour de force* of bibliographic perfection (an ideal which has never yet been achieved) but because it was the only manual of its kind in existence—the only manual, that is, except P. K. Foley's "American Authors 1795-1895" (Boston, 1897), to which Mr. Johnson proffered a frank and merited bow. The earlier edition of Johnson, according to its title-page, embraced the work of 105 authors—actually 104. The new edition, also according to its title-page, lists the work of 146 authors, which is correct. A promotion leaflet issued by the R. R. Bowker Co. says that the revision "contains forty-five authors not included in the first edition." My own computation is forty-three, making due allowance for the omission of Charles G. D. Roberts, who has been ceded back to Canada. There are trifling but salutary rearrangements; Mark Twain and O. Henry are now listed, as they should be, with the C's and P's respectively, and Whitman has precedence over Whittier, as is his alphabetic due. These are the merest of minutiæ, but a compendium of 146 bibliographies-in-little must be a very ganglion of minutiæ, and can reasonably be judged by its attention to the tiniest trifles, its meticulous subdivision of hairs.

The forty-three new authors, inclusion of whom, plus additional data on the old, swells the revised manual to 340 pages as against 242 in the earlier, are divisible into three main groups: those who antedate the time limits that were implicit in the 1929 compilation (as Charles Brockden Brown, Susannah Rowson, and Philip Freneau), those whose emergence is an affair of recent bibliophilic history (as Stephen Vincent Benét, William Faulkner, and Ernest Hemingway), and those whose omission from the earlier volume was inexplicable three years ago and is now tardily atoned for (as Louisa May Alcott, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and Harriet Beecher Stowe). Clearly Mr. Johnson is on the way over from monotheism to pantheism. The originator of the hideous locution "high spot" (though by no means, despite the fact that he has frequently been charged with it, the originator of either the theory or the practice of high-spottery), he has permitted his vision to broaden to the point of conceding space in "American First Editions" to men and women who are primarily one-book authors.

The revised "American First Editions" is as essential to bookseller and collector as compass to mariner, and fulfils an identical function.

J. T. W.

Native Stock

SELECTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE 1775-1900. A Brief Estimate of the More Important Authors and a Description of Their Representative Works. By M. Fullerton. With an introduction by Carl Van Doren. New York: William Farquhar Payson. 1932. $10.

MR. FULLERTON is a bookseller who respects his wares and knows their contents. If you should buy from him a copy of Henry Beck Hirst's "The Coming of the Mammoth, the Funeral of Time and Other Poems" (Boston, 1845) he will already have read it, and will know, as you may not, that Hirst was a private in the regiment of literary homuncules who gave battle to Edgar Allan Poe—Hirst, in fact, always insisted that it was he and not Poe who wrote "The Raven." He could have.

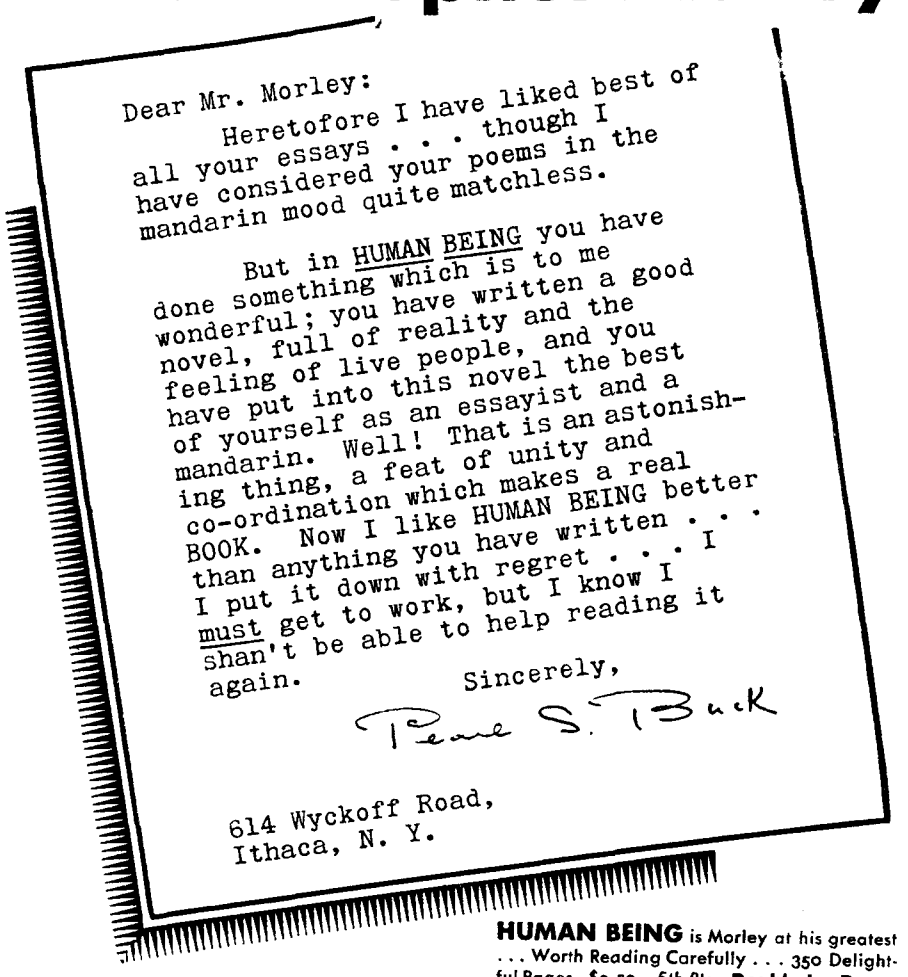
But "selective" is a dangerous word, and one has a right to challenge Mr. Fullerton's, or anyone's else, use of it. Who, one may reasonably inquire, is Mr. Fullerton that he should do one's bibliographic selecting? Now the impression must not be permitted from this that Mr. Fullerton is, or pretends to be, a pompous pundit, a dogmatic philomath, a dictatorial know-it-all. He simply believes, and properly believes, that any attempt to broaden the collecting horizon is legitimate and commendable, and that such an attempt, honestly and intelligently prosecuted, must operate to the benefit of bookseller and collector alike. With this praiseworthy end in view, his house (it is a house that comprises an effective father-and-son partnership, and the son pays warm and deserved tribute to the father in his preface) frequently issues catalogues wherein are listed titles that may never have been catalogued before, but titles whose right to inclusion is unequivocally documented by quoted supporting judgment from such authentic critical source-books as the "Cambridge History of American Literature" and half a dozen other accepted repositories of considered opinion. These authorities have been Mr. Fullerton's guides in the preparation of his "Selective Bibliography," but he does not say so except in a few instances. One of the exceptions is his summary of John W. De Forest, of whom he quotes William Dean Howells's assertion that De Forest "should be lastingly recognized as one of the masters of American fiction" and Carl Van Doren's appraisal of "Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty" (New York, 1867): "No other novel of the decade has been less dimmed by a century of realism." These are judgments that cannot be ignored—judgments, frankly, of far more impressive weight and purport than Mr. Fullerton's own. He should have resorted to comparable expert testimony in scores of other instances of reasonable doubt.

This defect aside (and it is a defect of omission and not of commission), Mr. Fullerton's "Selective Bibliography" is a handbook that both dispenser and absorber of American first editions must wholeheartedly welcome. If it did nothing but baldly chart new or little trod paths it would fulfil an eminently praiseworthy purpose, but it does more than that. For Mr. Fullerton has made of what might easily have been as arid a performance as a telephone directory a readable as well as a serviceable manual. Nowhere does he play a bibliographic Sir Oracle; his technical conclusions are tempered with reasoned qualifications wherever he appreciates that he cannot be emphatically assertive. He exercises a refreshing caution in a day when anyone can set up as a bibliographer without taking out a license and when many of those who do enter the lists announce their presence with an arbitrariness and assertiveness that raises hob with the book trade and sends the collector palpitating to his shelves to see if the latest seven-star-final announcement regarding line 17 on page 143 squares with his copy.

J. T. W.

The publishing house of Collins, in London, has carried out an interesting experiment with their Pocket Classics. According to *John o' London's Weekly*, "they have arranged 126 of the best-selling titles in order of popularity. The results, though they are no safe guide to the general reading tastes of the public, are an indication of the comparative appeal of the recognized classics, and one of the surprising things is that five out of the ten most popular are Dickens books in this order: 'David Copperfield,' 'Pickwick Papers,' 'Tale of Two Cities,' 'Oliver Twist,' and 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' The most popular book in the series is 'Lorna Doone,' a fact which is easily understood. For this edition of the classics is cheap, and as a rule young readers are not rich. 'Lorna Doone' is the perfect book for adolescents."

Pearl S. Buck
writes to
Christopher Morley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The AMEN CORNER

"Man, be merry as bird on berry
And all thy care let away—"

(Early Carol from *A Book of Christmas Verse*, selected by H. C. Beeching.[1] Our picture is from a mosaic panel on the ambo in the Cathedral of Ravenna, illustrated in *Pattern Designing*, by Archibald H. Christie.[2])

The Oxonian believes that books are the cheapest and most lasting of all pleasures. He is therefore giving books this Christmas as he usually does. He would like to echo "Old Quercus's annual suggestion [in a recent number of this periodical] that the best place to prepare for Christmas is in the Book Room of the Oxford Press, 114 Fifth Avenue." If you cannot go there in person write them for their special list of "Christmas Presents for Less than Five Dollars."

First on the list, of course, is *The Odyssey of Homer*,[3] in the new prose translation by that celebrated Aircraftsman T. E. Shaw (who is the still more celebrated Col. Lawrence of Arabia). Designed by Mr. Bruce Rogers the volume is the most beautiful book for its price we ever saw. As to the translation itself, it has created more excitement and enthusiasm among the critics than any book of the season. As Dr. Canby says in the December *Book-of-the-Month Club News*, "Every generation needs its translation of the great narratives of Homer, but only one out of three or four gets what it wants." And this is "a modern *Odyssey*, in our prose, beautiful and yet trenchant with our rhythms and with our colloquialisms. It is, I think, one of the notable books of our time." But ask your bookseller to let you glance at it. To see it is to buy it. In fact the Oxonian's great difficulty just now is to restrain himself from buying copies for everyone on his Christmas list.

The only thing that diverts him is a consideration of the charms of some of the other current Oxford items. Here are some of them we propose acquiring—and giving away if we can steel our heart to the parting:

The Oxford Book of American Prose, edited by Mark Van Doren[4]—"by far the best anthology of American prose ever compiled." (Henry Hazlitt in the *Nation*)

The Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse, edited by Sir Edmund Chambers.[5] "approaches perfection. . . . This will probably be the book by which scores of generations will savor the richness of the sixteenth-century poetry." (*New York Evening Post*)

Sycamore Square, by Jan Struther (of *Punch* fame), illustrated by Ernest Shepard (of "Pooh" fame)[6] "a wholly charming book . . . we welcome the new combination of Struther and Shepard to the world of polite letters. It is a fortunate alliance." (*Saturday Review of Literature.*)

The Golden Book of Italian Poetry, by Lauro de Bosis[7]—compiled by the fearless young poet who died scattering political leaflets over Rome from the air, and ranging from St. Francis of Assisi to D'Annunzio.

David Hume, by J. Y. T. Greig[8]—"a first-rate biography of an interesting man." (Manchester Guardian.)

The Life of William Beckford, by J. H. Oliver[9]—an entertaining life of the notorious and eccentric author of *Vathek*.

Fanny Penquite, by Edith Saunders[10]—a gem of a story (rather like David Garnett), with colored illustrations by the author, of singular charm and beautifully reproduced.

The Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers in England and America, by Martin S. Briggs[11]—an outstanding gift for your New England friend, full of illustrations showing in detail the origin of the characteristic white clapboard New England architecture in the English homes of the Pilgrims.

We wish we could go on further, but one more we must mention—*The Letters of Jane Austen*, edited by R. W. Chapman[12]—the first complete edition, illustrated from contemporary sources.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $1.00; (2) $3.50; (3) $3.50; (4) $3.00; (5) $3.00. On India paper, $3.75; (6) $1.25; (7) $2.50; (8) $3.75; (9) $3.75; (10) $1.75; (11) $4.75; (12) 2 vols. $12.50.

The PHŒNIX NEST

WE are glad to learn that *Patrick Hamilton* has completed a dramatization of his novel "The Midnight Bell" (Little, Brown), a public-house story which we much enjoyed when it originally appeared. As a matter of fact we also enjoyed Mr. Hamilton's play "Rope's End," a gruesome creation gracing the boards on Broadway several seasons ago. Mr. Hamilton's latest novel is "The Siege of Pleasure," which we have not yet received —but we like the title. . . .

Isabel Paterson's latest novel, "Never Ask the End" (title from a well-known poem by *Elinor Wylie*) is to be published on January fourth. It will be the Literary Guild Selection for January. As *"I. M. P."* of "Turns with a Bookworm" of the New York *Herald-Tribune Books*, Mrs. Paterson is our most respected and affectionately regarded competitor. She writes engagingly in her column and as a true artist in her novels. Here's to her! . . .

Dodd, Mead relay us their latest news concerning detective stories in the publication of which they are successful. There's an omnibus volume of *Gilbert K. Chesterton's* Father Brown stories coming on January third which will consist of four books complete in one volume, uniform with their "Dr. Thorndyke Omnibus" of last year. And even the head of their manufacturing department has taken to writing detective fiction! On the same date, therefore, they publish *Arthur Chase's* "Danger in the Dark." Last year his "Party at the Penthouse" put some of the people in the publishing business in town on the spot. . . .

Speaking of omnibi—or how do you say it?—we did not mean to give you a wrong impression about the Longmans, Green collection of *Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes* and of *Stanley J. Weyman*. In each case you can get *three* full novels included *in one volume* for $2.50! . . .

John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, will visit America again, next month, at the age of fifty-seven; leaving awhile the producing of plays in the little theatre he has built on his own place at Boar's Hill, Oxford. In another and smaller building in his garden he not only does his writing but indulges his hobby for making ship-models. He takes pride in the fact that the late *Thomas Hardy* decorated his mantelshelf at Max Gate with a ship model Masefield had carved and rigged for him. . . .

The Macmillan Company, Mr. Masefield's publishers, announce a new biography of the poet by *Gilbert Thomas*, which will be published in January. . . .

Recently we listed *Robert Nathan* as The Least Appreciated American Writer of Beautiful Prose. Anent this, *Israel Soifer* of Brooklyn writes us as follows:

> It is always hazardous to guess, but isn't it possible that one reason for the poor sales of Robert Nathan's books is due to the vile format in which they appear? Just because his stories are shorter than the usual run of novels, his publishers insist on padding them out to make them look like longer books. Although I have been a Nathan fan since the publication of "Jonah," I bought only one of his books until recently. Only the fact that first edition copies of some of his best writing have been selling for 35c or less has caused me to add more of his volumes to my shelves. I was much interested to read in the *Publishers' Weekly* that Mr. Nathan's next book will be published by Alfred A. Knopf. I hope that this will result in improved format and increased sales.

We should have added to our list of favorites that *Thomas Benton* was our favorite mural artist. If you hurry up you can still see his murals "The Arts of Life in America" at the Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 West 8th Street, from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. daily except Monday, Sunday from 2 to 6 P. M. . . .

The one person in America that *Clemence Dane* has expressed herself as wishing to meet is *Clarence Mulford*, the creator of Hopalong Cassidy. It seems that Western adventure stories are Miss Dane's hobby and that she has devoured every one of Mulford's books! . . .

A younger sister of *Thornton Wilder*, namely *Isabel Wilder*, is to have her first novel published in January by Coward-McCann. It is to be called "Mother and Four." The publishers tell us that the two Wilders, Isabel and Thornton, are as different as the two Greens, Anne and Julian. . . .

Stuyvesant Van Veen of 39 West 67th Street (tel. Endicott 2-4753 or message may be left at Susquehanna 7-8803) has started a class in Painting and Drawing for Writers which is held in the studio at the rear of the art shop of *Robert Rosenthal*, Inc., at 41 East 8th Street, this city. The dues are five dollars a month, paid in advance, and cover the use of model, and personal private criticism as well as class criticism. Mr. Van Veen contends that a writer of any talent should have an I.Q. better than 110, and that any person with an I.Q. of 110 has the ability to represent graphically what he sees. . . .

It was a dark and drizzly evening with the snowflakes flying when we met up with *Miggles the Melodist*, as he stood coddling a ginger-ale, or something, in one of those places that are reached by crashing an iron gate under a brownstone front. Miggles was, as usual, feeling rather teary, and he had a new ballad that he wished to try out on us. We braced ourself to listen, one foot on the brass rail; and this is what we were treated to:

AROUND THE OLD HARMONIUM

The Blue-Eyed Tot or The Exile's Return

In the gleaming gloam he was steaming
home, natheless anew bereft.
With a good cigar in a parlor car he pon-
dered the life he left.
O a sink of sin is the city's din! So hearken
who hope all ye,—
For betide what will, lo, by each new thrill
'tis a soul may damnèd be!

If in cigarettes a woman forgets, where
the shadows wreathe and writhe,
Yet a wraith will rise to the purblind eyes
of some furbelowed belle too blithe,
And a bucket of beer take on a sneer like
the grin of a cad foredoomed,
And the wallpaper crawl with shapes that
appal in the room where one has
roomed.

Thus, plunged in thought, he was 'ware of
naught but the city's iron gin
And the kind—emetic—that's called syn-
thetic, and costs you many a skin.
Was he Fortune's dupe or so sunk in
stupor his soul might never rise? . . .
Lo? Over the plush, where lolled this lush,
rose a sprite with bright blue eyes.

'Twas a curly tot who had somehow got a
watering-pot of tin
Which she now o'erturned on that face
that burned with the brand of original
sin;
Nor did it blench 'neath the healing
drench, procured from the water-cooler
Out in the aisle,—but a heavenly smile it
flashed on its fair be-fooler.

"Ah, the gentle rain from Heaven again!"
outspake that recreant wight,
"O Angel Face from Some Better Place
than our city of noisome night!
O Curly Eyes from the Upper Skies,—O
beautiful Bright Blue Hair,
Beam down, beam down! Now let me
drown!"
But the tot was no longer there.
By a mother's arm, in a fond alarm, was
she swiftly snatched away,
With a wholesome yank and resounding
spank, from her pretty, innocent play;
So again the wretch was left to stretch
and regard a cigar that glowed
Like an old wet cork, on the dark New
York, New Haven & Hartford Road.

Yet his ardor cooled for a life befooled,
and a new light glared in his eye,
And he swelled his chest against his vest,
and he swore, "Bad gals, good bye!
I shall now reform from my sins enorme,
—yea, this New Year's—to be brief—
Though I lose each friend, I fully intend
to turn over A New Leaf!"

Now I wish I could say that he lived to
obey those dictates of conscience plain;
But he lurched in his gait, and sprawled
'neath a freight, as he left that Pullman
Train.
'Twas at New Rochelle that he tripped and
fell, which if sober he would have not.
But these words of despair winged the
cindered air,
"God guard that blue-eyed Tot!"

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD QUERCUS and the Business Manager, loitering by the wide open space opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral (cleared away for some new magnificence of Radio City) pleased themselves by watching the aviator who does sky-writing for Loft's Candy. ☞ And wasted an agreeable 20 minutes in thinking how pleasant if the Loft aviator suddenly went haywire and instead of the celestial script he was supposed to emit, wrote *Saturday Review of Literature*. ☞ Only men quite Out of Touch with Reality would spend their time in such fantasy. ☞ Yet life is full of surprises, for as these dreamers leaned broodily against the fence along came Lynn Carrick of Putnam's, also a man of lofty ambitions. He was woe because he had set out to climb Mt. Popocatapetl and had to desist at 16000 feet. ☞ Publishers often swoon at high altitudes, as Thames Williamson observed in his lively article in the *Bookman*—lively but not too fair. ☞ Old Quercus's favorite poets just now are Hegeman Harris and Barr, Irons and Lane, the building firms who are erecting the tall steel prosody of Radio City. . . .

Hegeman Harris, Barr Irons and Lane
Don't waste their time building castles in Spain.
Building constructors have wonderful times—
They put up steel the way poets make rhymes.
And the next time you're in town you can have a new
Thrill when you see what they've done on Sixth Avenue.

☞ Mae Farber, formerly of the Union Square Book Shop, has gone into business for herself, and modestly professes the hope to serve her friends in the matter of Autographs, Americana, Broadsides, Rare Books. Her address is 160 East 56, New York. ☞ Felix Riesenberg, before leaving for Hollywood to do a sea scenario for RKO, was able to rejoice over the first copies of Winston's new edition of 20,000 *Leagues Under the Sea*, extraordinary book-value for $2. Riesenberg wrote a preface for this new edition, which is splendidly illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer—a grand Christmas present for any man or boy. ☞ The liveliest illustratings for new fiction are Norman Lindsay's drawings for his own *The Cautious Amorist*. The wrapper of that book gets the Quercus Prize for Sales Appeal. ☞ Trade Winds' Art Supplement this week is a caricature of Alfred Van Ameyden Van Duym by Kaj Klitgaard. Mr. Van Duym, a much admired Hollander of unusual proportions, has charge of Window Display in the Doubleday, Doran book shops. ☞ Booksellers who cater to the Belletristic Trade will do well to remember that a subscription to *The Colophon* is an attractive Christmas present. ☞ And exceptionally so is the beautiful card ($3.50 per dozen) issued by the Yale University Press, a reprint of a Christmas letter written in 1603 by an unknown Fra Giovanni to his guinevere, the Most Illustrious Contessina Allagia Aldobrandeschi of Florence. It is a lovely message. "Contessina," writes Don Giovanni, "forgive an old man's babble. But I am your friend, and my love for you goes deep. There is nothing I can give you which you have not got; but there is much, very much, that, while I cannot give it, you can take. . . . The gloom of the world is but a shadow. Behind it, yet within our reach, is joy."

☞ No publisher describes his authors with more meticulous gayety than Jonathan Cape ("Capajon") of London. Here is his press note about Miss Barbara Starke, author of *Touch and Go*:—

> She is the girl who hitch-hiked across America, with her husky and rather lovely voice, large brown eyes, very innocent, set wide apart in a freckled face; a crop of thick dark curls; a surprisingly gentle and mobile mouth and, giving the face character, high cheek bones and a strong jaw.
>
> She works hard, writing and doing odd secretarial work, finds London difficult to live and work in "because there are so many nice people." She is very young and makes a dull restaurant gay with a scarlet suit that is only a subdued reflection of her enormous vitality.

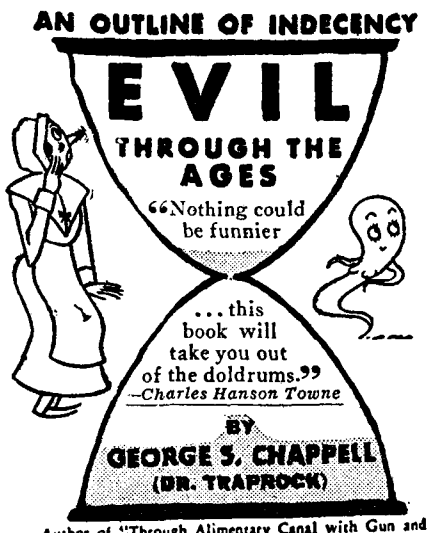
☞ A few Christmas explorers looking for an unobtrusive and masculine little book will be grateful to be shown *Oh Splendid Appetite!* by Cameron Rogers ($2, John Day)—not a book about eating, but a series of deeply felt sketches of the lives of certain recherché and crotchety writers—Neil Munro, Mangan, Mencken, Wilfred Meynell, Calverley, Praed, and Blunt; also the author's father, Cameron Rogers the elder, author of the poem *The Rosary*. This little book, to which William Rose Benét contributes a preface, is written with large gusto; it is *Muy caballero* in spirit; it has the appetite for life. ☞ Old Quercus, like everyone else, has been wrestling against an All-Time Low in his skull and spirits. ☞ A British bookseller (Arthur Rogers, Newcastle-on-Tyne) offers a signed copy of T. S. Eliot's *Animula* for 6 shillings with the wistful comment that the time will come when Mr. Eliot's signature in ANY book will be worth much more than 6 bob. ☞ *Animula* should be worth more than that right now in the U. S. as it is officially exclude by the censor.

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach's private memoir of egregious old Ben Franklin—*The All-Embracing Doctor Franklin*—is in preparation and Franklin collectors are greatly gogged. ☞ When writing advertisements (his favorite pastime) Old Quercus often thinks of Mr. Shandy's observation—that "nothing but the gross and more carnal parts of a composition will go down; the subtle hints and sly communications fly off, like spirits upwards—and both the one and the other are as much lost to the world, as if they were still left in the bottom of the ink-horn." ☞ A young woman in a bookstore gave Quercus her number and asked him to phone her before the Yule; but she wrote it down in lipstick and it has smeared illegibly. Old Quercus deplores the use of lipstick as writing instrument. ☞ We heartily approve Professor Phelps's suggestion (December *Delineator*) that international diplomacies and negotiatings should be removed from Geneva to the Hofbrau Haus at Munich—in which genial humane atmosphere, says Prof. Phelps, all nationalities would lose their animosities. ☞ My most favorite book of all is the *John Robert Powers Publication* (issued annually) which contains superb photos and all dimensions and other pertinent data concerning all artist models (of every kind and age: old men, children, young rogerpeets, matrons, maids and mallies)—Old Quercus, who would rather be a draughtsman than anything else, hopes to spend his caducity trying to draw like Sir William Orpen—in an Orpen Asylum. ☞ John Winterich's ballad about "Put on your old dust-jacket, E. Byrne Hackett" suggested that someone should try to rhyme Phil Duschnes, the energetic rare bookseller of 507 Fifth Avenue. Old Quercus could only think of *Salts of Kruschen's*, but it appears that isn't the way to pronounce Duschnes. Apologies! ☞ Mr. Duschnes has some real bargains that "were issued by oversanguine publishers in editions that were too large."

VAN (WHAT-A-MAN) DUYM
Drawn by Kaj Klitgaard

E. V. Knox ("Evoe"), the new editor of *Punch*, recently said:

"It is difficult to say what changes, if any, will be made in *Punch* in the future. *Punch* is an institution as well as a paper, and there are thousands of readers who would regard any changes, no matter how slight, with a sense of personal injury."



Author of "Through Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera," "The Cruise of the Kawa," etc., at your bookshop. STOKES $2.00. (*Lovely pictures by Soglow.*)

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WINTER IN PASADENA: Comfortable room for two, in private home. Breakfasts. Garage. Reasonable rates. References exchanged. Box 99.

SMALL TOWNER should like "GOOD COMPANIONS" to join her on rambles in New York at end of December. Nothing sinister. Hayseed.

BINDERS for your Saturday Review numbers. Gold stamped, black buckram, wire fasteners, handy way to file the copies as issued, or the back files. Postpaid $1.50. Mendoza Book Co., 15 Ann St., N. Y. C.

AT YOUR SERVICE! Experienced, competent (with references proving it) young lady desires stenographic secretarial position. Box 100.

REFINED young widow who is a good saleswoman, also accurate at figures and typing, seeks some connection where these abilities could be utilized. Any salary will be interesting. Box 101.

IT'S TOUGH is it? Will you send me your circular letter if I write you a poem? Thirty-too.

DEAR PUBLISHERS: Is there any one of you who is interested in a vigorous first novel with live characters, that looks critically but not destructively on contemporary mores and implies hope for the future? Manuscript has not yet been offered to anyone. Capricorn, c/o *Sat. Rev. Lit.*

EDITOR SEDGWICK of *Atlantic Monthly* writes: "If any man in America knows Marlowe, that man is Doctor Leslie Hotson." HAW! HAW! Professor Hotson knows as much about "Marlowe" as Maister Doctor Rosenbach, of Pennsylvania, does about "Spenser." "Marlowe" and "Spenser" are pen-names of Edward De Vere; and I challenge the Doctors Rosenbach and Hotson to disprove my assertion. George Frisbee.

TEMPORARILY unattached young woman with a weak but open mind interested in similar male companionship. Philadelphia.

S.O.S.—San Francisco girl, vocal student, badly needs work. Experienced stenographer but will do anything decent. S.O.S., c/o *Saturday Review*.

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Christmas suggestions from the Inner Sanctum of SIMON AND SCHUSTER, *386 Fourth Avenue, New York City*

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Abbé Ernest Dimnet's

WHAT WE LIVE BY

The book that has proven that people are still interested in philosophy that is gentle and wisdom that is witty. *Price* $2.50

P. Hal Sims'

MONEY CONTRACT

This is the book for those cynical souls who, instead of quibbling about quarter tricks and knaves, just like to make a little money out of the game. *Price* $2.00

George Gershwin's

SONG BOOK

Recommended to amateur pianists, to art connoisseurs (the Alajalov illustrations), to professional reminiscers, and to anyone who wants to have a swell-looking book on his piano. *Price* $5.00

Franz Werfel's

THE PASCARELLA FAMILY

We have always advertised Werfel as our noble worst seller. However, he has now crashed through with *The Pascarella Family* which is rapidly taking him out of this revered category. *Price* $2.50

FUN IN BED

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Edited by Frank Scully with a Preface by Dr. Logan Clendening

Lots of fun, no kidding! *Price* $2.00

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